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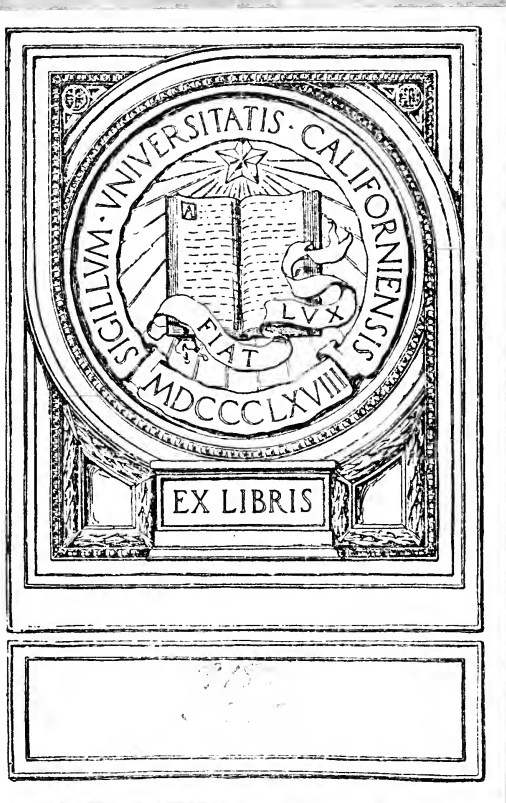
The FLYING CLOUD

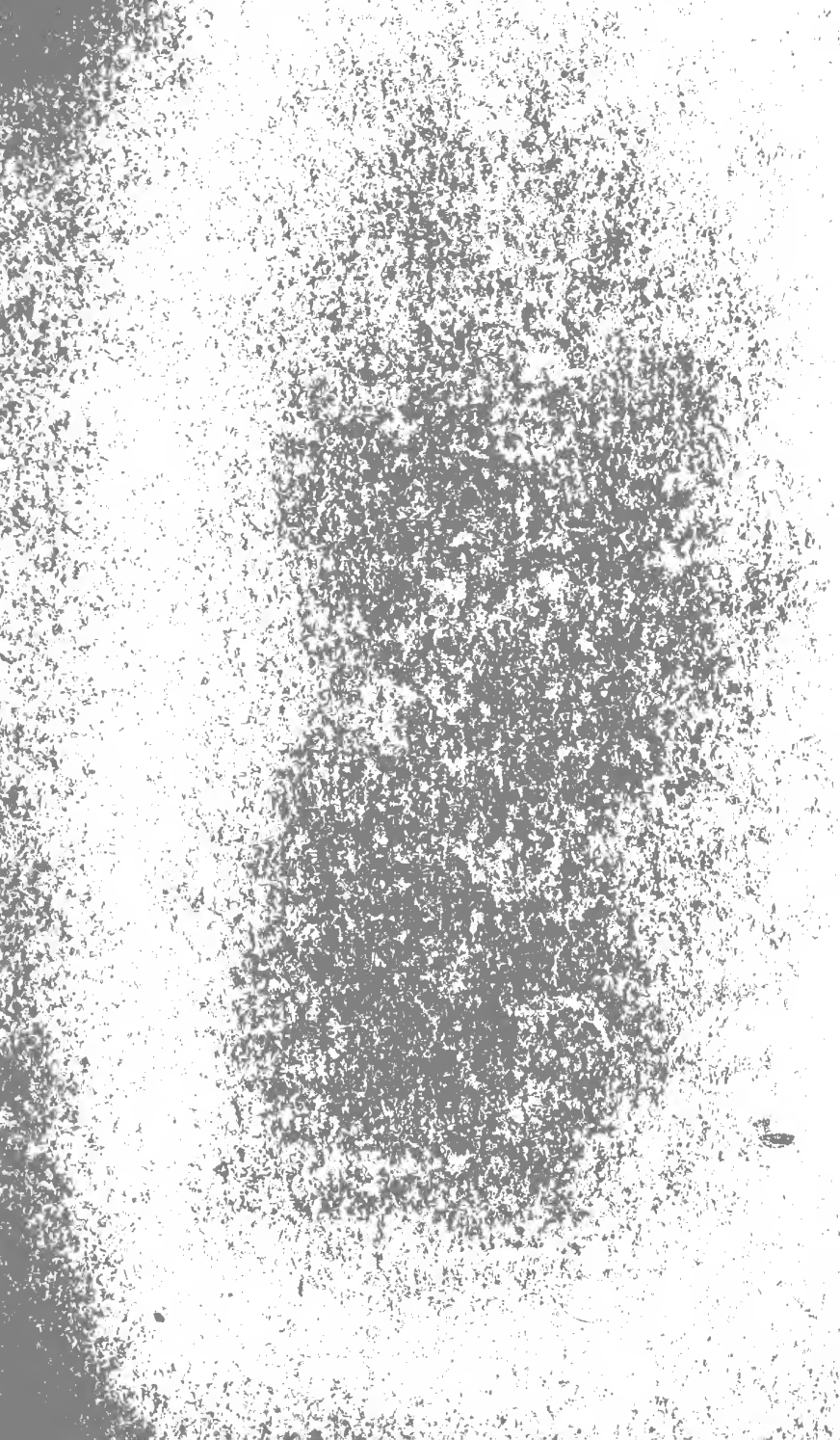
And 150 Other Old Time
Poems and Ballads

*A Collection of Old Irish Songs, Songs of
the Sea and Great Lakes, The Big Pine Woods,
The Prize Ring and Others.*

Compiled by

M. C. DEAN
Virginia, Minnesota







FLYING CLOUD

And One Hundred and Fifty other Old Time Songs
and Ballads of Outdoor Men, Sailors, Lumber
Jacks, Soldiers, Men of the Great Lakes,
Railroadmen, Miners, etc.



Compiled by
M. C. DEAN

THE QUICKPRINT
VIRGINIA, MINNESOTA

no valid
signature

FLYING CLOUD.

My name is Willie Hollander, as you may understand,
I was born in the County Waterford in Erin's happy land;
When I was young and in my prime, then beauty on me smiled,
My parents doted on me, I being their only child.

My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's fair town,
He bound me to a cooper there by the name of Willie Brown;
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
Then I, shipped on board of the "Ocean Queen, bound for
Bellefresiers shore.

And when we reached Bellefreisers shore I met with Captain
Moore,

The captain of the Flying Cloud, that sails from Baltimore;
He asked me if I would sail with him on a slaving voyage to go,
To the burning shores of Africa where the coffee seeds do grow.

The Flying Cloud was a clipper ship of five hundred tons or
more,

She could easy sail 'round anything going out of Baltimore.
Her sails were as white as the driven snow and on them there's
no speck,

And forty-nine brass pounder guns she carried on her deck.

The Flying Cloud was as fine a ship as ever sailed the seas,
Or ever spread a main topsail before a freshening breeze;
I have oft times seen that gallant bark with the wind abaft
her beam,

With her main top Royal and stun sails set taking sixteen
from the reel.

The first place that we landed 'twas on the African shore,
And five hundred of those poor slaves from their native land
we bore;

We marched them out upon our plank and stowed them down
below,

It was eighteen inches to the man was all that there was to go.

Early next morning we set sail with our cargo of slaves,
It would have been better for those poor souls if they'd been
in their graves;

For the plague and fever came on board, swept half their num-
ber away,

And we dragged their bodies on the deck and threw them in
the sea.

In the course of three weeks after we arrived on Cuba's shore,
We sold them to the planters there, to be slaves for evermore;

The rice and coffee seeds to sow beneath the burning sun,
To lead a hard and wretched life until their career was run.

And now our money is all spent and we are off to sea again,
When Captain Moore he came on board and said to us his men:
"There is gold and silver to be had if with me you'll remain,
We'll hoist aloft a pirate flag and scour the Spanish Main."

We all agreed but five young lads who told us them to land,
Two of those were Boston boys, two more from Newfoundland;
And the other was an Irish lad belonging to Trimore,
I wish to God I had joined those boys and went with them
on shore.

We sank and plundered many a ship down on the Spanish Main,
Left many a widow and orphan child in sorrow to remain;
We made them walk out on our plank, gave to them a watery
grave,

For a saying of our captain was that a dead man tells no tales.

Pursued we were by many ships, both frigates and liners, too,
But for to catch the Flying Cloud was a thing they ne'er
could do;

It was all in vain astern of us their cannons roared so loud,
It was all in vain to ever try for to catch the Flying Cloud.

Till a Spanish ship, a man-of-war, the Dungeon, hove in view,
And fired a shot across our boys as a signal to heave to;
We gave to her no answer, but sailed before the wind,
Until a chain shot broke our mizzen mast and then we fell
behind.

We cleared our deck for action as she came up 'longside,
And soon from off our quarter decks there ran a crimson tide;
We fought till Captain Moore was killed, and eighty of his men,
When a bomb shell set our ship on fire, we were forced to sur-
render then.

Now fare you well, you shady groves and the girl that I do adore,
Your voice like music soft and sweet will never cheer me more;
No more will I kiss those ruby lips or clasp that silk-soft hand,
For here I must die a shameful death out in some foreign land.

It was next to New Gate I was brought, bound down in iron
chains,

For the plundering of ships at sea down on the Spanish Main;
It was drinking and bad company that made a wretch of me,
So youths beware of my sad fate and my curse on Piracy.

LULUANNA.

I know a little cot as humble as can be,
It stands on the banks of the Susquehanna,
Where the wild flowers bloom and the humming birds play,
Oh, there lives my sweet Luluanna.

Chorus—

She is fair as the dawn, as mild as the eve,
And as graceful as the bold Susquehanna;
She is my ideal, an Angel of the earth,
The idol of my heart is Luluanna.

If I were a fish I would swim by her side,
As she sails on the bold Susquehanna;
I would dream of her by night, I'd think of her by day,
Till I won the heart of Luluanna.

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan, my years are thirty-four,
I was born in Tipperary, not far from Galtimore;
I came of honest parents, but now they are lying low,
And it's many the happy days I spent in the glens of Aherloe.

My father died, I closed his eyes outside our cabin door,
The landlord and the sheriff, too, were there the day before;
It was then my poor old mother and sisters, two, also,
With broken hearts were forced to leave the glens of Aherloe.

Then for three months in search of work I rambled far and near,
Then I went unto the poor house to see my mother dear;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart, but yet in all my woe,
I blest the friends that made their graves in the glens of Aherloe.

Bereft of home, of kith and kin, and plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin and slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot it was, I ne'er did hardships know,
Until I joined the English army far away from Aherloe.

"Get up, you lazy Irish dog," the corporal he came around,
"Don't you hear the bugle, the called to arms, sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming of days long, long ago,
And I woke before Sebastapool, and not in Aherloe.

I groped for my musket, how dark I thought the night!
Oh, blessed God, it was not dark, it was the broad daylight;
And when I found that I was blind, the tears they down did flow
And I longed for even a pauper's grave in the glens of Aherloe.

Now a poor, forlorn mendicant, I wander through the streets,
My nine months' pension being out, I beg from all I meet;
But since I joined my country's tyrants my face I ne'er will
show

To the kind and loving neighbors in the glens of Aherloe.

Oh, Blessed Virgin Mary, mine is a mournful tale,
A poor blind prisoner here I lie in Dublin's dreary jail;
Struck blind within the trenches where I never feared the foe,
But now I never more will see my own sweet Aherloe.

Now, youths and fellow countrymen, take heed to what I say.
Don't ever join the English ranks or you'll surely rue the day,
And if ever you are tempted a-soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan and the glens of Aherloe.

MORRISY AND THE RUSSIAN SAILOR.

Come, all you sons of Erin, attention now I crave,
While I relate the praises of an Irish hero brave;
Concerning a great fight, me boys, all on the other day,
Between a Russian sailor and bold Jack Morrisy.

It was in Tierra Del Fuego, in South America,
The Russian challenged Morrisy and unto him did say,
"I hear you are a fighting man and wear a belt, I see;
What do you say, will you consent to have a round with me?"

Then up spoke bold Jack Morrisy, with a heart so stout and true,
Saying, "I am a gallant Irishman that never was subdued;
Oh, I can whale a Yankee, a Saxon bull or bear,
And in honor of old Paddy's land I'll still those laurels wear.

These words enraged the Russian upon that foreign land,
To think that he would be put down by any Irishman;
He says, "You are too light for me, on that make no mistake,
I would have you to resign the belt, or else your life I'll take."

To fight upon the tenth of June those heroes did agree,
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see;
The English and the Russians, their hearts were filled with glee,
They swore the Russian sailor boy would kill bold Morrisy.

They both stripped off, stepped in the ring, most glorious to
be seen,

And Morrisy put on the belt, bound 'round with shamrocks,
green,

Full twenty thousand dollars, as you may plainly see,
That was to be the champion's prize that gained the victory.

They both shook hands, walked 'round the ring commencing
then to fight,
It filled each Irish heart with joy for to behold the sight;
The Russian he floored Morrisy up to the eleventh round,
With English, Russian and Saxon cheers the valley did resound.

A minute and a half our hero lay before he could rise,
The word went all about the field, "He's dead!" were all
their cries;

But Morrisy worked manfully and, raising from the ground,
From that until the twentieth the Russian he put down.

Up to the thirty-seventh round 'twas fall and fall about,
Which made the burly sailor to keep a sharp look-out;
The Russian called his second and asked for a glass of wine,
Our Irish hero smiled and said, "This battle will be mine."

The thirty-eighth decided all, the Russian felt the smart,
When Morrisy, with a fearful blow, he struck him o'er the heart,
A doctor he was called on to open up a vein,
He said it was quite useless, he would never fight again.

Our hero conquered Thompson, the Yankee clipper, too,
The Benicia boy and Sheppard he nobly did subdue;
So let us fill a flowing bowl and drink a health galore
To brave Jack Morrisy and Paddies evermore.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Oh, the moon looked down, from an azure sky,
When the deadly fight was o'er,
On the battle field where the brave laid low,
Whom life could claim no more;
And her pale light cast on the damp, cold earth,
Where a wounded soldier lay,
O'er whose face there crept the shade of death,
As his life's blood ebbed away.

The dying soldier raised his hand,
And gently brushed aside
The raven locks that his heart's blood
To crimson red had dyed;
Then faintly, lowly, comrade said,
"Not long on earth's my stay,
No more I'll roam in my childhood's home,
In old Erin far away.

"But a lock of hair I pray you bear

My mother o'er the sea,
So that when upon it she may look,
She'll kindly think of me;
And tell her though mid India's sands,
My mouldering dust may lay,
My heart is still in Erin,
Old Erin, far away.

"Tell my sister, though long years have passed
Since I saw her smiling face,
That her form's still present to my mind,
Each feature I can trace;
And at this, my last and dying hour,
My wandering thoughts they stray
To those grassy glades where oft we played,
In old Erin far away.

"Tell my brothers that I nobly fought,
And as our father died,
With my bayonet charging on the foe,
And sabre by my side;
It nerved my heart to conquer,
And the Sepoy foe to slay,
As visions bright came o'er my sight
Of old Erin far away.

"Tell the friends with whom in childhood
I played 'round the old oak tree,
That my last breath blest them dying,
In a land far o'er the sea;
And tell them that I bled and fought,
On this eventful day,
For Britannia's honor, Britannia's Queen,
And old Erin far away."

His voice grew low and weaker,
And slowly sank his head,
His comrade stooped to raise him,
But the spark of life had fled;
A grave was made in which he was laid,
Ere closed the waning day,
Far from those haunts he loved so well,
In old Erin far away.

AND THEY CALLED IT IRELAND.

Did you ever hear the story of how Ireland got its name?

I'll tell you so you'll understand from whence ould Ireland
came.

No wonder we are proud of that dear land across the sea,
For this is how my good ould mother tould the tale to me:

Sure, a little drop of Heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And it settled on the ocean in a spot so far away,
And when the angels found it, it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, "Suppose we leave it, for it seems so peaceful there."

And they showered dew upon it just to see the shamrocks grow,
It's the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go;
Then they sprinkled it with star dust, just to make her lakes
so grand,

And when they had it finished, they called it Ireland.

It's the Home of the Shillalah and the wondrous wishing well,
And there's not a spot on God's green earth where there's such
lakes and dells.

No wonder that the angels loved her Shamrock-bordered shore,
It's a little drop of Heaven, and I love it more and more.

PATRICK RILEY.

My name is Patrick Riley, the truth I will make known,
And I was born near Clonis, in the County of Tyronne;
My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,
And with them I lived contented till the age of twenty-three.

It was then I took a notion to cross the raging sea,
In search of some promotion unto America;
To seek employment in that land, a fortune to obtain,
And when I had secured it, to return straight home again.

Alas, I had a sweetheart, Jane Wilson was her name,
And when she heard I was going away, straightway to me she
came,

And she said, "Can it be possible that you will prove so unkind,
As to go away and leave me broken-hearted here behind?"

"Dear Jane," said I, "be not afraid; it's you I do adore,
My daily thoughts will be of you while on Columbia's shore,
And when I do return again, if God spares me my life,
Here is my hand in promise that I'll make you my wife."

With this she seemed quite reconciled and home straightway
she went,

And down to Justice Harrington the very next day she went,

And she swore I had ill-used her, had treated her shamefully,
I had robbed her of her virgin bloom which proved her destiny.

I soon was apprehended, as you may understand,
And they marched me off to Liffy jail at the Magistrate's
command;

It's there I lay in irons until my trial day,
Oh, little did I ever think she'd swear my life away.

On the twenty-first day of July my trial it came on,
This maid, being void of Scripture, before the judge did stand,
And she swore I had waylaid her and robbed her of five pound,
And tried to force her in a pool where she soon would have been
drowned.

The judge then charged the jury with words that were severe,
Saying, "This maid must now be rightified for all she's had
to bear."

The jury gave their verdict, aloud the judge did cry,
"For your cruelty unto this maid, young Riley, you must die."

When I received my sentence my eyes with tears did flow,
The thoughts of leaving my mother in sorrow, grief and woe;
She being so far advanced in years and had no child but me,
How could she bear to see me hang upon the gallows tree?

And now as I'm about to meet my God, all on this very day,
I never injured that fair false one that swore my life away;
The time is fast approaching, I have no more to say,
May the Lord receive my soul with joy; good people, for me
pray.

THE ARKANSAW NAVVY.

Come listen to my story and I'll tell you in my chant
It's the lamentation of an Irish emigrant,
Who lately crossed the ocean and misfortune never saw,
'Till he worked upon the railroad in the State of Arkansaw.

When I landed in St. Louis I'd ten dollars and no more,
I read the daily papers until both me eyes were sore;
I was looking for advertisements until at length I saw
Five hundred men were wanted in the State of Arkansaw.

Oh, how me heart it bounded when I read the joyful news,
Straightway then I started for the raging Billie Hughes;
Says he, "Hand me five dollars and a ticket you will draw
That will take you to the railroad in the State of Arkansaw.

I handed him the money, but it gave me soul a shock,
And soon was safely landed in the city of Little Rock;
There was not a man in all that land that would extend to me
his paw,

And say, "You're heartily welcome to the State of Arkansaw."

I wandered 'round the depot, I rambled up and down,
I fell in with a man catcher and he said his name was Brown;
He says, "You are a stranger and you're looking rather raw,
On yonder hill is me big hotel, it's the best in Arkansaw."

Then I followed my conductor up to the very place,
Where poverty was depicted in his dirty, brockey face;
His bread was corn dodger and his mate I couldn't chaw,
And fifty cents he charged for it in the State of Arkansaw.

Then I shouldered up my turkey, hungry as a shark,
Traveling along the road that leads to the Ozarks;
It would melt your heart with pity as I trudged along the track,
To see those dirty bummers with their turkeys on their backs.
Such sights of dirty bummers I'm sure you never saw
As worked upon the railroad in the State of Arkansaw.

I am sick and tired of railroading and I think I'll give it o'er,
I'll lay the pick and shovel down and I'll railroad no more;
I'll go out in the Indian nation and I'll marry me there a squaw,
And I'll bid adieu to railroading and the State of Arkansaw.

IRELAND MUST BE HEAVEN, FOR MY MOTHER CAME FROM THERE.

I've often heard my daddy speak of Ireland's lakes and dells,
The place must be like Heaven, if it's half like what he tells;
There's roses fair and shamrocks there, and laughing waters
flow;

I've never seen that Isle of Green, but there's one thing sure,
I know—

Refrain—

Ireland must be Heaven, for an angel came from there,
I never knew a living soul one-half as sweet or fair,
For her eyes are like the star-light, and the white clouds match
her hair;
Sure, Ireland must be Heaven, for my mother came from there.

I've pictured in my fondest dreams old Ireland's vales and rills,
I see a stairway to the sky, formed by her verdant hills;
Each wave that's in the ocean blue just loves to hug the shore,
So if Ireland isn't Heaven, then sure, it must be right next door.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND.

My parents reared me tenderly, they had no child but me,
My mind being bent on rambling, with them could not agree,
So soon became a rover, which grieved their hearts full sore,
I left my aged parents, I ne'er will see them more.

There lived a wealthy farmer in the country close by,
He had a lovely daughter and on her I'd cast my eye;
She was noble-minded, tall, beautiful and fair,
With Columbia's loveliest daughters she truly could compare.

I told her my intentions was soon to cross the main,
And asked if she would be true to me until I returned again;
Great drops of tears stood in her eyes, her bosom heaved a sigh,
"Dear youth," says she, "fear not for me, my love will never die."

But somewhere I have heard or read that which I cannot believe,
That distance breaks the links of love and leaves the maid to grieve:

I fondly clasped her to my breast and kissed away her tears,
And I swore by Him above the skies that I would be sincere.

According to agreement, then, I went on board the ship
And to the town of Glasgow I had a pleasant trip;
I found that gold was plenty there, and girls were free and kind,
And my thoughts began to cool a bit for the girl I left behind.

For Dumfries town I next set out, that hospitable land,
Where handsome Jennie Ferguson she took me by the hand;
She says, "I've gold in plenty and love for you I find,"
And the thoughts of gold destroyed my love for the maid I left behind.

She says, "If you will marry me and say no more you'll rove,
The gold that I've got is yours, and I will faithful prove;
But friends or relations that you have left behind,
You never, if you marry me, again must bear in mind.

To this I soon consented, I own it to my shame,
For what man can be happy when he knows he is to blame?
It's true I've gold in plenty, my wife is somewhat kind,
But my pillow still is haunted by the friends I left behind.

My father in his winding sheet, my mother, too, appears,
The girl I loved seems by their sides, a-kissing away their tears;
Of broken hearts they all have died and now too late I find
That God has seen my cruelty to the girl I left behind.

THE BANK OF THE LITTLE AUPLAINE.

One evening in June as I rambled

Through the green woods and meadows alone,
The meadow larks warbled melodious,
And merrily the whipporwill sung;
The frogs in the marshes were croaking,
The tree-toads were whistling for rain,
And the partridge all around me were drumming,
On the banks of the Little Auplaine.

The sun to the West a-declining,
Had shaded the tree tops with red,
My wandering feet led me onward,
Not caring wherever I strayed.
Till by chance I beheld a-fair school ma'am,
Who most bitterly did complain,
It was all for the loss of her lover
From the banks of the Little Auplaine.

I boldly stepped up to this fair one,
And this unto her I did say,
"Why are you so sad and so mournful,
When all nature is smiling and gay?"
"It's all for a jolly young raftsmen,
But I fear I will see him no more,
For he is down on the Wisconsin River,
A-pulling a fifteen-foot oar."

"If it's all for a jolly young raftsmen
You are here in such awful despair,
Pray tell me the name of your true love.
And what kind of clothes did he wear?"
"His pants were made of two meal sacks,
With a patch a foot wide on each knee,
And his jacket and shirt they were dyed
With the bark of the butternut tree.

"His hair was inclined to be curly,
His whiskers as red as the sun,
He was tall, square-shouldered and handsome,
His height was six feet and one.
His name was young Johnnie Murphy,
And his equal I ne'er saw before,
But he is down on the Wisconsin River,
A-pulling a fifteen-foot oar."

"If Johnnie Murphy was the name of your true love,
He was a man I knew very well,

But sad is the tale I must tell you,
Your Johnnie was drowned in the Dalles.
We buried him 'neath a scrub Norway,
And his face you will ne'er see again;
No stone marks the grave of your lover,
And he is far from the Little Auplaine."

When she heard me say this she fainted,
And fell at my feet like one dead;
I scooped up a hat full of water
And threw it all over her head.
She opened her eyes and looked wildly,
She acted like one that's insane,
I thought to myself she had gone crazy
On the banks of the Little Auplaine.

"My curse be upon you, Ross Campbell,
For taking my Johnnie away;
May the eagles take hold of your body,
And sink it 'way down in the clay.
May your lumber all go to the bottom,
Never rise to the surface no more;
May all of your creeks and your sandbars
Go as dry as the log schoolhouse floor.

"And now, I will leave this location,
I'll teach district school no more;
I will go where never, no never,
I will hear the screech of a fifteen-foot oar.
I will go to some far distant country,
To England, to France or to Spain,
But I will never forget Johnnie Murphy
Or the banks of the Little Auplaine.

RED IRON ORE.

Come, all you bold sailors that follow the lakes
On an iron ore vessel, your living to make;
I shipped in Chicago, bid adieu to the shore,
Bound away to Escanaba for red iron ore.

(Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

In the month of September, the seventeenth day,
Two dollars and a quarter is all they would pay,
And on Monday morning from Bridgeport did take
The E. C. Roberts out in the lake.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

The wind from the southard sprang up a fresh breeze,
And away through Lake Michigan the Roberts did sneeze,
Down through Lake Michigan the Roberts did roar,
And on Friday morning we passed through death's door.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

This packet she howled across the mouth of Green Bay,
And before her cut water she dashed the white spray;
We rounded the sand point, our anchor let go,
We furled in our canvas and the watch went below.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Next morning we hove alongside the "Exile,"
And soon was made fast to an iron ore pile;
They lowered their chutes and like thunder did roar,
They spouted into us that red iron ore.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Some sailors took shovels, while others got spades,
And some took wheelbarrows, each man to his trade.
We looked like red devils, our fingers got sore,
We cursed Escanaba and damned iron ore.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

The tug Escanaba she towed out the "Minch,"
The Roberts, she thought, she had been left in a pinch,
And as they passed by us they bid us goodbye,
Saying, "We'll meet you in Cleveland next Fourth of July."

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Through Louse Island passage it blew a fresh breeze,
We made the Foxes, the Beavers and Skillageles;
We flew by the Minch for to show her the way,
And she ne'er hove in sight till we were off Thunder Bay.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Across Saginaw Bay the Roberts did ride,
With the dark and deep water rolling over her side,
And now for Port Huron the Roberts must go,
Where the tug Kate Williams she took us in tow.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

We went through North passage—oh, Lord, how it blew!
And all 'round the Dummy a large fleet there came, too;
The night being dark, Old Nick it would scare.
We hove up next morning and for Cleveland did steer.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Now the Roberts is in Cleveland, made fast stem and stern,
And over the bottle we'll spin a big yarn,

But Captain Harvey Shannon had ought to stand treat
For getting into Cleveland ahead of the fleet.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Now my song it is ended, I hope you won't laugh,
Our dunnage is packed and all hands are paid off;
Here is health to the Roberts, she's staunch, strong and true,
Not forgotten the bold boys that comprise her crew.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

THE CHARGE AT FREDRICKSBURG.

It was just before the last fierce charge,

Two soldiers drew their rein,
With a parting word and touch of the hand,

They might never meet again;
One had blue eyes and sunny curls,
Nineteen but a month ago,
Red on his cheek, down on his chin,
He was only a boy, you know.

The other was dark and tall and stern,

His fate in the world was dim,
He trusted more in those he loved,
They were all the world to him.

They had ridden together in many a raid,
They had marched for many a mile,
But never before had they met the foe
With a calm and hopeful smile.

Now they looked into each other's eye

With an awful, ghastly gloom,
The tall, dark man was first to speak,
Saying, "Charlie, my hour has come,
Together we'll ride up the hill,
But you'll ride back alone;
But it is little trouble for me take
When I am dead and gone.

"You will find a fond face on my breast,
I'll wear it in the fight,

With soft blue eyes and sunny curls
That shine like morning light;
Like morning light was her love for me,
She gladdened my weary life,
And it's little I cared for the frowns of fate
When she promised to be my wife.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone,
Send back that fond, sweet face,
And tell her tenderly how I died,
And where's my resting place;
Tell her my soul will wait for her
In the border land between;
This earth is Heaven until she comes,
It will not be long, I wene."

Tears dimmed the blue eyes of the boy,
His voice grew hoarse with pain,
Saying, "I'll do your bidding, Comrade mine,
If I ride back again;
But if you ride back and I am dead,
You will do the same for me;
My Mother at home must hear the news,
So write to her tenderly.

"One after another of those she loved
She buried both husband and son;
I was the last my country caller,
She kissed and sent me on.
She is praying at home like a waiting saint,
With her fond face white with woe,
Her heart will be broke when I am gone,
I will see her soon, I know." —

Just then the order came to charge,
For an instant hand touched hand,
Aye answered aye and on they went,
That brave, devoted band;
Straight on they went to the crest of the hill,
Where the rebels with shot and shell
Mowed rifts of death in our toiling ranks,
And jeered them as they fell,

They turned with an awful, dying yell
From the heights they could not gain,
And those that death and doom had spared
Rode slowly back again:
In the midst of their dead they have left behind
The boy with the curly hair,
And the tall, dark man that rode by his side
Lay dead along with him there.

There is none to write to that lovely girl
The words that her lover said,
And the mother that waits for her boy at home
Will only hear, "He's dead."

And never will know the last fond thoughts
That sought to soften her pain,
Until she crosses the border land
And stands by his side again.

O'SHAUGHANESEY.

Oh, me name it is O'Shaughanesey, the truth I now will tell
to ye.

I work upon the section and I am an Irishman;
But some brakemen came the other day and unto myself these
words did say,

"O'Shaughanesey, you must away to go braking on the train."

They took me out into the yard, they put in me hand a big
time card,

They told me braking wasn't hard, if I was only game.

They put on me head a railroad cap, they said it belonged to
Oliver Spratt,

Another dacent Irish chap that was braking on the train.

They sent me out on Number Tin, 'twas then me troubles did
begin,

And where in the divil they all came in it nearly racked me
brain;

For one would send me for a pin, the other would fire me back
again,

And they kept me running from end to end when I was brak-
ing on the train.

They sent me after some red "ile," with the boys I had a terri-
ble trial,

The boss sair he was out of it, but told me to call again;

I axed him for a flat car key, 'twas then his eye he winked at me,
Saying, "I think your name is O'Shaughanesey that's braking
on the train.

We had a dale of switching to do in a yard, on meself it came
most mighty hard,

And how in the divil it happened I'm sure I never can tell;

For they sent me to make a flying switch, meself and the box-
car went in the ditch,

The conductor called me a son of a b— when I was braking
on the train.

They sent me out on the upper deck, I thought I'd surely break
me neck,

I hung onto the running board until both me hands were sore;
'Twas then I thought about me sins, for I could hardly stand
upon me pins,
Oh, God, forgive me if ever again I go braking on a train!
The engine got stuck and the cars came back, and they sent me
back to take the slack,
I hunted all around for it, but hunted all in vain.
The conductor he did loudly yell, "Set up that brake, damn
your soul to hell,
Oh, what a misfortune on me befell when I went braking on
a train.
My Sunday pants were minus a sate, I tore them out unloading
freight,
And through a hole as big as New York my skin showed clear
and clane;
The boys were laughing all the while, saying, "O'Shaughanesey,
where did you get your style?"
My blood with madness fairly biled when I was braking on
the train.

THE LASS OF MOHE.

As I went a-walking one morning in May,
For fond recreation the time passed away,
As I sat amusing myself by a pass
There chanced to come along a fine Indian lass.

She sat down beside me, took hold of my hand,
Saying, "You are a stranger, far from your own land,
But if you will go with me you are welcome to come,
For I live by myself in a snug little home."

The sun was a-sinking down in the salt sea
When I went a-walking with a lass of Mohe;
We walked and we talked till we came to her home,
And there stood her cot in a cocoanut grove.

I tarried all night till the day did appear,
My ship being ready, for home I must steer,
"Good morning, good morning, fare you well, oh, my dear,
My ship it is ready and for home I must steer."

With the fondest expression this fair one did say,
"If you will stay with me and not go away,
If you will stay with me and leave the salt sea,
I will teach you the language of the Isle of Mohe."

I said, "My fair lady, that never can be,
For I have a true sweetheart in my own country."
And I would not forsake her for her poverty,
Her face is more fair than the lass of Mohe.

And now I am home in my own native land,
And friends and relations around me do stand,
But of all that come near me or of all that I see,
There is none can compare with the lass of Mohe.

For this Indian lass she was modest and kind,
She acted her part so beautiful and fine,
When I was a stranger she took me to her home,
And I'll think on the Mohe-as I wander alone.

THE APPRENTICE BOY.

Near Linster I was born, not of a high degree,
My parents they adored me, they had no child but me;
I roved around for pleasure where'er my fancy lay,
Until I was bound apprentice, then all joys passed away.

My master and my mistress they did not use me well,
I formed a resolution not long with them to dwell;
So, unknown to friends and kindred, I slyly stole away,
And steered my course to Dublin, to me a woeful day.

I had not been in Dublin a day but only three
When an estated lady proposed to hire me;
She offered great inducements her waiting man to be,
If I would go with her to London, which proved my destiny.

Her offer I accepted, my fortune being low,
In hopes of grand promotion if along with her I'd go;
And as we sailed over-bound for that British shore,
It is little I thought I ne'er would see my native country more.

When we arrived in London to view that fine city,
My evil-minded mistress grew very fond of me;
She offered me ten thousand pounds to be paid down in hand,
If I'd agree to marry her it would be at my command.

"Oh, mistress, honored mistress, you must excuse me now,
For I am already promised upon a solemn vow;
Yes, I am already promised, and a solemn vow I've made,
To wed with none but Jennie, your handsome waiting maid."

In wrath and indignation my evil mistress said,

"Just see how I am slighted all for a servant maid;
Since you disdain my person and the offer that I make,
It's of you I will have revenge though my life lay as a stake."

"Oh, mistress, to offend thee I would be very loath,
But I can do nothing that's contrary to my oath;
Contrary to my oath, madam, but supposing my vows were clear,
I would not part with my jewel for ten thousand pounds a year."

One evening in the garden, a-taking in the air,
My mistress followed after me, plucking the flowers there;
Her gold repeating watch she took at the passing of me by,
And conveyed it to my pocket, for which I now must die.

I then was apprehended, to New Gate I was sent,
Where I was left in bondage, my sorrows to lament;
Where I was left in bondage until my trial day,
My mistress thought it was no harm to swear my life away.

And now I am on the gallows and I must suffer here,
Because I would not break the vows I made unto my dear;
Though far from home and kindred, I bid the world adieu,
My charming, lovely Jennie, I die for love of you.

THE BIGLER'S CREW.

Come all my boys and listen, a song I'll sing to you,
It's all about the Bigler and of her jolly crew;
In Milwaukee last October I chanced to get a sight
In the schooner called the Bigler belonging to Detroit.

Chorus—

Watch her, catch her, jump up on her juber ju,
Give her the sheet and let her slide, the boys will push her
through.

You ought to seen us howling, the winds were blowing free,
On our passage down to Buffalo from Milwaukee,

It was on a Sunday morning about the hour of ten,
The Robert Emmet towed us out into Lake Michigan;
We set sail where she left us in the middle of the fleet,
And the wind being from the southard, oh, we had to give
her sheet.

Then the wind chopped 'round to the sou souwest and blew
both fresh and strong,
But softly through Lake Michigan the Bigler she rolled on,
And far beyond her foaming bow the dashing waves did fling,

With every stitch of canvas set, her course was wing and wing.
But the wind it came ahead before we reached the Manitous,
Three dollars and a half a day just suited the Bigler's crew;
From there unto the Beavers we steered her full and by,
And we kept her to the wind, my boys, as close as she could lie.

Through Skillagelee and Wabble Shanks the entrance to the Straits,

We might have passed the big fleet there if they'd hove to and wait,

But we drove them on before us the nicest ever you saw,
Out into Lake Huron from the Straits of Mackinaw.

We made Presque Isle Light and then we boomed away,
The wind it being fair, for the Isle of Thunder Bay,
But when the wind it shifted, we hauled her on her starboard tack,

With a good lookout ahead for the Light of the Point AuBarques.

We made the Light and kept in sight of Michigan North Shore,
A-booming for the river as we'd oft times done before,
When right abreast Port Huron Light our small anchor we let go,
And the Sweepstakes came alongside and took the Bigler in tow.

The Sweepstakes took eight in tow and all of us fore and aft,
She towed us down to Lake St. Clare and stuck us on the flats,
She parted the Hunter's tow line in trying to give relief,
And stem and stern went the Bigler into the boat called Maple Leaf.

The Sweepstakes then she towed us outside the River Light,
Lake Erie for to roam and the blustering winds to fight;
The wind being from the southard we paddled our own canoe,
With her nose pointed for the Dummy, she's hell bent for Buffalo.

We made the OH and passed long Point, the wind was blowing free,

We howled along the Canada shore, Port Colborne on our lea;
What is it that looms up ahead, so well known as we draw near,
For like a blazing star shone the light on Buffalo Pier.

And now we are safely landed in Buffalo Creek at last,
And under Riggs' elevator the Bigler she's made fast,
And in some Lager beer saloon we'll let the bottle pass,
For we are jolly shipmates and we'll drink a social glass.

DONNELLY AND COOPER.

Come, all you true bred Irishmen, I hope you will lend ear,
Unto as true a story as ever you did hear,
Concerning Cooper and Donnelly, they fought on sweet Kildare.

It was on the tenth of June, my boys, that the challenge was
sent o'er,
From Britania to old Granua to raise her sons once more,
To renew her satisfaction their courage to arrear,
Saying, "I hope you will meet Cooper at the Curragh of Kildare."

Old Granua read the message, she read it with a smile,
Saying, "You had better hasten to Kildare, my well beloved
child,
For there you will reign victorious, as you have often done
before,
And your deeds will shine most glorious all around the Sham-
rock Shore."

After long hesitation bold Donnelly did prepare,
To go with Captain Kelley to the Curragh of Kildare;
The English Lords bet ten to one that day against poor Dan,
But such odds as this ne'er could dismiss the blood of an Irish-
man.

When those two burly champions were stripped off in the ring,
Both fully were determined each other's blood to bring;
From eight to nine they parried, when Donnelly knocked him
down,
Well done, my child, and old Granua smiled, saying, "That wins
one thousand pounds.

Cooper, being active, he knocked down Donnelly,
But Donnelly, being of true blood, he rose right manfully;
Cooper, being active, knocked Donnelly down again,
Those English Peers they gave three cheers, saying, "The
battle is all in vain."

Here is long life to one Miss Kelley, who was that day upon
the plain;
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying, "Dan, what do you
mane?

You are as true an Irishman the Gentry all may see,
My whole estate this day I've bet upon you, Donnelly."

"You need not fear, I am not beat, although I've had a fall,
I will let him know before he goes that he will pay for all."
Cooper stood on his own defense, exertion failed to show,

Until Donnely gave him a temple blow that proved his overthrow.

Oh, you sons of proud Britainia, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper he by Donnely has met his sad downfall;
Out of eleven rounds he got nine knockdowns, besides broke his jawbone;
Well done, my child, and ould Granua smiled, saying, "The day is all our own."

SKIBBEREEN.

Father, dear, I often hear you speak of Erin's Isle,
It seems so bright and beautiful, so rich and rare the soil;
You say it is a bounteous land wherein a prince might dwell,
Then why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell.

My son, I loved my native land with favor and with pride,
Her peaceful groves, her mountains rude, her valleys green and wide;

It was there I lived in manhood's prime and sported when a boy,
The Shamrock and Shillalah was my constant boast and joy.
But lo! a blight came o'er my crops, my sheep and cattle died,
The rent ran due, the taxes, too, I ne'er could have supplied;
The landlord turned me from the cot where born had I been,
And that, my boy, is the reason why I left old Skibbereen.

It is well do I remember that dark November day,
When the landlord and the sheriff came to drive us all away;
They set the roof a-blazing with a demon yell of Spleen,
And when it fell the crash was heard all over Skibbereen.

Your mother, too, God rest her soul, fell on the snowy ground,
And fainted in her anguish at the desolation around..
She ne'er recovered, but passed away from life to Malchasene,
And found a grave of quiet rest in poor old Skibbereen.

Then sadly I recall the days of gloomy Ninety-eight,
I rose in vengeance with the boys to battle again' fate;
We were hunted through the mountains as traitors to the queen,
And that, my boy, is the reason why I left old Skibbereen.

You then, my son, was scare three years old and feeble was your frame,

I would not leave you with my friends, you bore my Father's name;

I wrapped you in my kosamane, at dead of night unseen,
I hove a sigh and bade good-bye to poor old Skibbereen.

Then, father, father! when the day for vengeance they will call,
When Irishmen-o'er field and fin will rally one and all,
I will be the man to lead the band beneath the flag so green,
While loud on high we will raise the cry, "Revenge for Skib-
bereen."

COLLEEN BAWN.

In the golden fields of Limerick,
Close by the Shannon stream,
There lives a maid that holds my heart,
And haunts it like a dream;
With shining showers of golden hair,
As gentle as a fawn,
Her cheeks would make the red rose pale,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Her hands are whiter than the snow,
Upon the mountain side,
And softer than the creamy foam,
That floats upon the tide;
Her teeth like drops of pearly dew,
That sparkles on the lawn,
Oh, the sunshine of my life she is,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Although she seldom speaks to me,
I think on her with pride,
For seven long years I courted her,
And asked her to be my bride;
But dreary spells of cold neglect
Is all from her I have drawn,
For I'm but a poor laboring boy,
And she's the Colleen Bawn.

And to leave old Ireland far behind
Is oft times in my mind,
To go roaming for some other bride,
And country for to find;
But I have seen some low spalpeens,
Upon her footsteps vaughn,
Which keeps me near to guard my dear,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

The ladies of Limerick have that way,
Throughout old Erin's Isle,

They have fought upon the city walls,
As they did in days of yore;
They have kept away the enemy,
All night until the dawn,
And most worthy of the title
Is my darling Colleen Bawn.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

It was in merry England, the home of Johnnie Bull,
Where Britons fill their glasses, they fill them brimming full,
And of the toast they drank it was to Briton's brave,
And it is long may our champion bring victories o'er the wave.
Then up jumps Uncle Sammy, and he looks across the main,
Saying, "Is that your English bully I hear bellowing again?
Oh, has he not forgotten the giant o'er the pond,
Who used to juggle cannon balls when his day's work was done?"

"Remember, Uncle Johnnie, the giant stronger grows,
He is always on his muscle and ready for his foes;
When but a boy at Yorktown I caused you for to sigh,
So when e'er you boast of fighting, Johnnie Bull, mind your
eye."

It was in merry England, all in the blooming spring,
When this burly English champion he stripped off in the ring,
He stripped to fight young Heenan, our gallant son of Troy,
And to try his English muscle on our bold Benicia boy.

There were two brilliant flags, my boys, a-floating o'er the ring,
The British were a lion all ready for a spring,
The Yankee was an eagle, and an awful bird she was,
For she carried a bunch of thunderbolts well fastened in her
claws.

The coppers they were tossed, me boys, the fighting did begin,
It was two to one on Sayers the bets came rolling in;
They fought like loyal heroes, until one received a blow,
And the red crimson torrent from our Yankee's nose did flow.

"First blood, first blood, my Tommy boy," the English cried
with joy,
The English cheer their hero while the bold Benicia boy,
The tiger rose within him, like lightning flared his eye,
Saying, "Mark away, old England, but Tommie, mind your
eye."

The last grand round of all, my boys, this world has ne'er seen
beat,
When the son of Uncle Sammy raised the Champion from his
feet,
His followers did smile while he held him in the air,
And from his grasp he flung him, which caused the English
men to stare.

Come, all you sporting Americans, wherever you have strayed,
Look on this glorious eagle and never be afraid;
May our Union last forever and our Flag the world defy,
So whenever you boast of fighting, Johnnie Bull, mind your eye.

YOUNG MUNROE.

Come all you jolly shanty boys, wherever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me,
Concerning a young shanty boy so manfully and brave,
It was on a jam at Garra'y's rocks where he met with a watery
grave.

It was on a Sunday morning as you will quickly hear,
Our logs were piling mountain high, we could not keep them
clear,
When the boss he cries, "Turn out, me boys, with hearts devoid
of fear,
To break the jam on Garry's rocks and for Eagantown we'll
steer."

Some of them were willing, while others they hung back,
To work upon a Sunday they did not think was right,
Until six of our young Canadians they volunteered to go,
And break the jam on Garry's rocks with their foreman, young
Munroe.

They had not rolled off many logs when the boss to them did say,
"I would have you to be on your guard, for this jam will soon
give way."
Those words were scarcely spoken when the jam did break
and go,
And carried away those six young men with their foreman,
young Munroe.

When the rest of those young shanty boys they came, the news
to hear,
In search of their dead bodies for the river they did steer,
When one of their lifeless bodies found to their sad grief and
woe,

All cut and mangled on the rocks was the form of young Munroe.

They took him from his watery grave, combed down his coal-black hair,

There was one fair form among them whose cries did rend the air;

There was one fair form among them, a girl from Saginaw town,
Her tears and cries would rend the skies for her lover that was drowned.

Miss Clara was a noble girl, likewise a raftsmen's friend,
Her mother was a widow living by the river's bend,
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And a liberal subscription she received from the shanty boys next day.

They took and buried him decently, being on the tenth of May,
And the rest of you young shanty boys, it's for your comrade pray!

It is engraved on a little hemlock tree, close by his head it does grow,

The day and date of the drowning of this hero, young Munroe.

Miss Clara did not survive long to her sad grief and woe;
It was less than two weeks after she, too, was called to go,
It was less than two weeks after she, too, was called to go,
And her last request was granted her, to be laid by young Munroe.

Now, any of you shanty boys that would like to go and see,
On a little mound by the river side there grows a hemlock tree;
The shanty boy cuts the woods all round, two lovers here lie low,
Here lies Miss Clara Dennison and her lover, young Munroe.

JERRY, GO OIL THE CAR.

Come, all you railroad section hands, I hope you will draw near,
And likewise pay attention to these few lines you'll hear,
Concerning one Larry Sullivan, alas, he is no more,
He sailed some forty years ago from the green old Irish shore.

For four and thirty weary years he worked upon the track,
And the truth to say from the very first day he never had a wreck,

For he made it a point to keep up the lower joints with the force of the tamping bar;

Joint ahead and center back and Jerry go oil the car.

To see old Larry in the winter time when the hills were clad
 with snow,
 It was his pride on his handcar to ride as over the section
 he'd go,
 With his big soldier coat buttoned up to his throat, sure he
 looked like an Emperor,
 And while the boys were shimming up the ties, sure Jerry
 would be oiling the car.
 When Sunday morning came around to the section hands he'd
 say,
 "I suppose you all know that my wife is going to Mass today,
 And I want every man for to pump all he can, for the distance
 it is very far,
 And I'd like to get in ahead of number ten, so Jerry go oil
 the car."
 "And now when my friends are gathered around, there is one
 request I crave,
 When I am dead and gone to my rest, place the handcar on
 my grave;
 Let the spike mawl rest upon my breast with the gauge and
 the old clawbar,
 And while the boys are lowering me down, lave Jerry to be
 oiling the car."
 "Give my regards to the roadmaster," poor Larry he did cry,
 "And rise me up so I may see the handcar before I die."
 He was so wake he could hardly spake, in a moment he was dead;
 "Joint ahead and center back," were the very last words he
 said.

Remarks by Mrs. Sullivan.

God bless you, Larry Sullivan, to me you was kind and good,
 For me you'd make the section hands go out and cut the wood,
 To the well also for water they would go, and chop the kin-
 dling fine,
 And if any of them would growl, upon my soul, he'd dam soon
 get his time.
 And now that he is dead I want it to be said that the cars they
 never got a jar;
 Joint ahead and center back and Jerry go oil the car.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

I am sitting there, I'm dreaming now,
 Beneath the wide and spreading boughs,

And the golden willows are bending low
On the green mossy banks where the violets grow;
And the wild birds are singing the same sweet lays
That charms me in dreams of the dear old days,
When Laura, my beautiful, sat by me,
On the moss covered seat 'neath the old elm tree.

It was there with the bright blue sky above,
I told her the tale of my heart's true love,
And it was there ere the blossoms of summer died,
She gave me her promise to be my bride.
Little I thought ere I would return from the dark blue sea,
They would make her a grave 'neath the old elm tree.

Oh, cruel and false were the tales they told,
How my heart was untrue to my own love cold,
How my present heart had another dear,
Forgetting the promise I made her here;
Until her cheeks grew pale with her heart-broken pain,
And those beautiful lips never smiled again,
But she silently wept where none could see,
She wept for the past 'neath the old elm tree.

She died and they parted her sunny hair,
On her marble brow death left so fair,
And they made her a grave where the fair young flowers
Could bloom by her side in the long summer hours;
Oh, Laura, dear Laura, my heart's best love,
We will meet in the angels' home above;
Earth holds no treasure so dear to me
As the moss covered grave 'neath the old elm tree.

THE U. S. A.

"Tell me, daddy, tell me, why the men in yonder crowd,
Can you tell me why they are marching, why each one looks so
proud?"

"Listen, lad," he answered, "'tis the tune the brass band plays,
'Tis the song 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' and you know well
what it says.

"Heroes bold in battle both our grandpas fought and fell,
'Mid the cannon's roar and rattle so freedom here might dwell;
Washington and Jackson, Lincoln, Grant and Lee,
They're the men that made us what we are on the land and on
the sea.

"No matter where you ramble, no matter where you roam,

You never have to ponder on a place to call your home;
When they ask you, lad, where were you born, turn proudly
'round and say
That your home is the land of Uncle Sam, the U. S. A."

PERSIAN'S CREW.

Sad and dismal is the story that I will tell to you,
About the schooner Persia, her officers and crew;
They sank beneath the waters deep in life to rise no more,
Where wind and desolation sweeps Lake Huron's rock bound
shore.

They left Chicago on their lee, their songs they did resound,
Their hearts were filled with joy and glee, for they were home-
ward bound;
They little thought the sword of death would meet them on
their way,
And they so full of joy and life would in Lake Huron lay.

In mystery o'er their fate was sealed, they did collide, some say,
And that is all that will be revealed until the judgment day;
But when the angels take their stand to sweep these waters blue,
They will summon forth at Heaven's command the Persian's
luckless crew.

No mother's hand was there to soothe the brow's distracted pain,
No gentle wife for to carress those cold lips once again;
No sister nor a lover dear or little ones to moan,
But in the deep alone they sleep, far from their friends and
home.

Her captain, he is no more, he lost his precious life,
He sank down among Lake Huron's waves, free from all mortal
strife;
A barren coast now hides from view his manly, lifeless form,
And still in death is the heart so true that weathered many a
storm.

There was Daniel Sullivan, her mate, with a heart as true and
brave,
As ever was compelled by fate to fill a sailor's grave;
Alas, he lost his noble life, poor Daniel is no more,
He met a sad, untimely end upon Lake Huron's shore.

Oh, Daniel, Dan, your many friends mourn the fate that has
on you frowned,
They look in vain for your return back to Oswego town;

They miss the love glance of your eye, your hand they'll clasp
no more,

For still in death you now do lie upon Lake Huron's shore.

Her sailors' names I did not know, excepting one or two,
Down in the deep they all did go, they were a luckless crew;
Not one escaped to land to clear the mystery o'er,
Or to lie adrift by Heaven's command in lifeless form ashore.

Now around Presque Isle the sea birds scream their mournful
notes along,

In chanting to the sad requiem, the mournful funeral song;
They skim along the waters blue and then aloft they soar,
O'er the bodies of the Persian's crew that lie along the shore.

JIM FISK.

If you will listen awhile I will sing you a song

About this glorious land of the free,

And the difference I'll show between the rich and the poor,

In a trial by jury, you see.

If you have plenty of money you can hold up your head,

And walk out from your own prison door,

But they'll hang you up high if you've no friends or gold,

Let the rich go, but hang up the poor.

In trial by jury we have nowadays,

The rich men get off swift and sure,

While they've thousands to pay both the jury and judge,

You can bet they'll go back on the poor.

Let me speak of a man who is now in his grave,

A better man never was born;

Jim Fisk he was called and his money he gave

To the outcast, the poor and forlorn.

We all know he loved both women and wine,

But his heart it was right, I am sure,

Though he lived like a prince in his palace so fine,

He never went back on the poor.

If a man was in trouble he would help him along,

To drive the grim wolf from the door,

He strove to do right, though he may have done wrong,

But he never went back on the poor.

Jim Fisk was a man with his heart in his hand,

No matter what people might say,

And he did all his deeds, both the good and the bad,

In the broad, open light of the day.

With his grand six-in-hand on the beach at Long Branch,
He cut a big dash, to be sure,
But Chicago's great fire showed the world that Jim Fisk
With his wealth still remembered the poor.

When a telegram came that the homeless that night
Were starving to death slow but sure,
The Lightning Express, manned by noble Jim Fisk,
Flew to feed all her hungry and poor.

Now what do you think of the trial of Stokes,
Who murdered the friend of the poor?
When such men get free is there any one safe,
If they step outside of their own door?
Is there a law for the rich and one for the poor?
It seems so, at least so they say,
If they hang up the poor, why hadn't the rich
Ought to swing up the very same way?

Don't show any favor to friend or to foe,
The beggar or prince at your door,
If you always do right you will get your reward,
If you never go back on the poor.

BEN BOLT.

Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone;
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls 'round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din;

And a quiet that crawls 'round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so kind and so true,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
Where the fairest wild flowers grew?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were school-mates then,
There are only you and I;
And of all the boys that were school-mates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelve months twenty times have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale;
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

TO MORROW.

I started on a journey just about a week ago,
To the little town of Morrow, in the State of Ohio;
I never was a traveler and really did not know,
That Morrow had been ridiculed a century or so;
I went down to the depot for my ticket and applied
For tips regarding Morrow, not expecting to be guyed.
Said I, "My friend, I want to go to Morrow and return
Not later than tomorrow, for I haven't time to burn."

Said he to me, "Now, let me see if I have heard you right,
You want to go to Morrow and come back to-morrow night;
To go from here to Morrow and return is quite a way,
You should have gone to Morrow yesterday and back today;
For if you started yesterday to Morrow, don't you see,
You could have gone to Morrow and returned to-day at three.
The train that started yesterday, now understand me right,
Today gets to Morrow and returns to-morrow night."

Said I, "My friend, it seems to me you're talking through your
hat,

Is there a town named Morrow on your line, now tell me that?"
"There is," says he, "and take from me a quiet little tip,
To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour trip;
The train that goes to Morrow leaves today eight thirty-five,
Half after ten to-morrow is the time it should arrive;
Now if from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour jump,
Can you go to-day to Morrow and get back to-day, you chump?"

Says I, "I want to go to Morrow, can I go today,
And get to Morrow by to-night if there is no delay?"
"Well, well," says he, "explain to me, and I've no more to say,
How can you go anywhere to-morrow and get back today?
For if to-day you start to Morrow, it's a cinch you'll land
Tomorrow into Morrow, not to-day, you understand;
For the train to-day to Morrow, if the schedule is right,
It will get you into Morrow by about to-morrow night."

Says I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly let me say,
How can I go to Morrow if I leave the town today?"
He says, "You cannot go to Morrow any more to-day,
For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way."
I was so disappointed, I was mad enough to swear,
The train had gone to Morrow and left me standing there;
The man was right in telling me I was a howling jay,
I didn't go to Morrow, so I guess I'll go today.

THE LADY LEROY.

As I went a-walking one morning in May,
For to view those fine meadows, all nature seemed gay,
I espied a young couple on old Erin's green shore,
A-viewing the ocean where the wild billows roar.

"Sally, dear Sally, you're the girl I adore,
And to be parted from you it grieves my heart sore,
But your parents are rich, love, and they're angry at me,
And were I to stay with you our ruin it would be."

When she heard him say this she dressed herself in men's clothes
And away to her father she instantly goes;
She purchased a vessel, paid him down his demand,
But little he knew it was from his own daughter's hand.

Then to her true lover she went right away,
She bade him get ready without further delay,
So they hoisted their topsails and colors let fly,
And she sailed o'er the ocean, the Lady Leroy.

When her old father heard this, in grief and despair,
Straightway to his Captain he soon did repair;
Saying, "Pursue and overtake them and his life destroy,
For he ne'er will enjoy the fair Lady Leroy."

Then proud of his message this bold Captain goes,
As if for to conquer some bold, daring foes;
He spies a large vessel, her colors let fly,
He hails her and finds she's the Lady Leroy.

"Now turn back to Erin, to Erin's green shore,
Or a broadside of grapeshot into you I'll pour."
But Sally's true lover made him this reply,
"We'll never surrender, we'll conquer or die!"

Then broadside like hail on each other did pour,
Until many brave seamen were wounded full sore,
But Sally's true lover gained the victory,
For, like all true lovers, they will always be free.

"Now turn back to Erin and there let them know,
That we ne'er will be conquered by friend or by foe;
Here's a health to young Sally, she's the Lady Leroy,
She's the source of my comfort and my only joy."

NAME THE BOY DENNIS OR NO NAME AT ALL.

I'm bothered, yes, I'm bothered, completely perplexed,
I'm the father of a little boy, I'm not happy but I'm vexed;
I have ninety-nine relations and they nearly drive me wild,
Both one and all, both great and small, they want to name the child.

Chorus—

My wife she wants him Michael, her sister wants him Mal,
My brother wants him Charlie, while her auntie wants him Pat;
Whilst her brother wants him Shamus, and my father wants
to call him Paul,
I do declare I don't know what I'll name the boy at all.

It was only here this morning my brother came from Troy,
He swore by this, he swore by that, that he would name the boy;
Says me wife's brother Darby he'd be hanged if that would do,
And they jumped together on the floor and had a bold set-to.

Next Sunday is the christening day and I'll tell you, by the way,
I'll have none of their conniving, I'm bound to have my say;

They may call him this or call him that, I don't care a snap
for their call,
I'm bound to call him Dennis, or he'll have no name at all.

YOUNG SALLY MUNROE.

Cóme, all you lads and lassies, I pray you will attend,
And listen to these few lines that I have lately penned,
And I'll tell you of the hardships that I did undergo,
'Twas all for a lassie called Sally Munroe.

My name it is Jim Dixon, I'm a blacksmith by trade,
And 'twas in the town of Erie where I was born and raised;
From that town to Belfast to work I did go,
A distance in the country from Sally Munroe.

But I promised that fair lady a letter I would send,
And I gave it to a comrade I took to be my friend,
But instead of being a friend of mine, he proved to be my foe,
For he never gave that letter to young Sally Munroe.

But he told her old mother for to beware of me,
That I had a wife in a strange country;
Then says her old mother, "If what you say be so,
He never shall enjoy my young Sally Munroe."

It was two years and better and never did I hear
A word from the lassie that I once loved so dear,
Till one bright summer morning down by a shady row,
It was there I by chance did meet young Sally Munroe.

I says, "My bonnie lassie, if you'll gang along wi' me,
In spite of our auld parents it's married we will be."
She says, "I have no objections along with you to go,
For I know you will prove loyal to your Sally Munroe."

It was in a coach from Norwich to Belfast we did go,
And there I was married to young Sally Munroe;
There was a ship at Williams' Point all ready to set sail,
With five hundred passengers, their passage all were paid,
I paid down our passage for Quebec also,
And there I did embark with Sally Munroe.

We sailed down the river with a sweet and pleasant gale,
And left our old parents behind to weep and wail,
While many were the salt tears that down their cheeks did flow,
Oh, I was quite happy with young Sally Munroe.

About four in the morning came on a dreadful blow,
Our ship she struck a rock and to the bottom she did go,
With five hundred passengers that were all down below,
And among that great number I lost Sally Munroe.

It was from her old parents that I stole her away,
And that will shock my conscience for many a long day;
It was not for to injure her that ever I did so,
And I'll mourn all my days for young Sally Munroe.

JOHN MITCHELL.

I am a true bred Irishman, John Mitchell is my name,
When first to join my country's cause from Tierney town I
came;

I struggled hard both night and day to free my native land,
For which I was transported, as you may understand.

When first I joined my countrymen it was in '42,
And then what followed after I'll quickly tell to you;
I raised the Standard of Repeal and gloried in the deed,
And I swore that I would never rast until Ireland was freed.

While here in prison close confined, waiting my trial day,
My darling wife came to me and those words to me did say,
"Cheer up, cheer up, my dearest John, and daunted do not be,
For it's better to die for Erin's rights than to live in slavery."

When I received my sentence 'twas on a foreign ground,
Where hundreds of my countrymen assembled all around;
My liberty was offered me if I would forsake their cause,
But I'd rather die ten thousand deaths than forsake my Irish
boys.

Farewell, my true born Irishmen, farewell, my country too,
But to leave my wife and babes behind it's almost more than
I can do;

There is one request I ask of you when your liberty you gain,
Remember John Mitchell far away, though a convict bound in
chains.

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW.

Come, shipmates, all gather and list to my ditty,
Of a terrible battle that happened of late,
And let each Union tar shed a tear of pity

When he hears of our once noble Cumberland's fate;
Oh, the eighth day of March told a terrible story,
And many brave heroes to the world bid adieu,
But the Star Spangled Banner was mantled in glory,
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On the eighth day of March, about ten in the morning,
When the day it was cloudless and bright shone the sun,
The drums on the Cumberland sounded a warning,
That told every seaman to stand by his gun;
For an iron clad frigate down on us was bearing,
And high at her top she the Rebel flag flew,
With the pennant of treason so proudly a-flying,
Determined to capture our Cumberland's crew.

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution,
Saying, "Boys, of this monster let us not be dismayed,
We are sworn to sustain our beloved Constitution,
And to die for our country we are not afraid;
We will fight for the Union, our cause it is glorious,
To the Stars and the Stripes we will ever prove true,
We will die at our guns or we'll conquer victorious,"
He was answered by cheers from the Cumberland's crew.

Our ports we threw open and guns we made thunder,
A broadside like hail on those rebels did pour,
The sailors, amazed, all stood struck with great wonder,
When our shots struck her side and glanced harmlessly o'er;
But the pride of our Navy would never surrender,
Though the dead and the dying our decks they did strew,
And the Star Spangled Banner above us was flying,
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew.

When those traitors found cannons could never avail them,
A-fighting those heroes with God on their side,
The flag of secession had no power to quail them,
Though the blood from our scuppers did crimson the tide;
She struck us amidship, our planks they did sever,
With her sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship through.
And as we were sinking in the dark rolling waters,
"Let us die at our guns," says the Cumberland's crew.

Slowly they sank in the dark rolling water,
The light of this world they will never see more,
Long will they be wept by Columbia's sons and daughters,
Let their deaths be avenged on Virginia's bright shore;
And if any of those heroes in battle ascended,
God bless their old banner, the Red, White and Blue,
For beneath its broad folds we'll make tyrants to tremble,
Or die at our guns like the Cumberland's crew.

DORAN'S ASS.

One Paddy Doyle lived in Killarney,
Courtèd a girl named Biddie Toole,
Her tongue was tipped with a bit of the Blarney,
The same to Pat was the Golden Rule;
Both night and day she was his comrade,
And to himself I've heard him say,
"What need I care, for she's me darling,
And I know she'll meet me on the way."

Chorus—

Whack fol do' lol de lural ido,
Whack fol de lol de lural la,
Whack fol de lol de lural ido,
I know she'll meet me on the way.

One heavenly night in last November,
Paddy went to see his love,
What night it was I don't remember,
But the moon shone brightly from above;
It's true the boy had been drinking liquor,
His spirits they were light and gay,
Saying, "What's the use of walking faster,
For I know she'll meet me on the way."

He lit his pipe, commenced to smoking,
As merrily o'er the road did jog,
But fatigue and whiskey overcame him,
So Paddy lay down upon the sod;
He was not long without a comrade,
And a one that too-kicked up the hay,
For the big jackass he smelt out Paddy,
And lay down beside him on the way.

As Paddy lay in peaceful slumber,
Thinking of his Biddie dear,
He had sweet dreams without number,
To be fulfilled in the coming year.
He threw his arms out on the grass,
His spirits they were light and gay,
But instead of Biddie he grabbed the ass,
And bawled out, "I've met her on the way."

He hugged and smugged this woolly divil,
While to himself did curse and swear,
Saying, "You've come at last, me Biddie darling,
But, by me sowl, you're like a bear."
He laid his hand on the donkey's nose,

The donkey he began to bray,
Then Paddy sung out, "Bloody murther!
I've met the Divil on the way."

Paddy ran home at railroad speed,
As railroad speed as fast, I'm sure,
He never halted leg or feet
Until he arrived at Biddie's door;
It being early in the morning,
Down on his knees Pat fell to pray,
Saying, "Rise up, rise up, Biddie darling,
I've met the Divil on the way."

He told his story mighty civil,
While she prepared the whiskey glass,
ARRAH, Pat!" says she, "It was no Divil,
It was nothing at all but Doran's ass."
I am sure it was my Biddie darling,
So they were married right away,
But he never got the ould straw hat,
That the donkey ate up on the way.

BOLD DANIEL.

It was on the fourteenth day of January,
From England we set sail,
We were bound down to Laguire,
With a sweet and pleasant gale;
The Roving Lizzie we are called,
Bold Daniel is my name,
And we sailed away from Laguire,
Just out of the Spanish Main.

And when we reached Laguire,
Our orders did read so,
"When you discharge your cargo,
It's sail for Callao."
Our Captain called all hands right aft,
And unto us did say,
"Here is money for you today, my lads,
For tomorrow we'll sail away."

It was early the next morning,
As daylight did draw nigh,
The man from at the masthead
A strange sail did espy;

With a black flag under her mizzen peak,
Came bearing down that way;
"I'll be bound she is some pirate,"
Bold Daniel he did say.

In the course of three or four hours,
This pirate ranged alongside,
And with a speaking trumpet,
"Where are you from?" he cries.
"The Roving Lizzie we are called,
Bold Daniel is my name,
And we sailed away from Laguire,
Just out of the Spanish Main."

"Come, back your topsails to your mast,
And heave your ship under my lee."
"Oh, no! oh, no!" cried Daniel,
I'd rather sink at sea."

They hoisted up their bloody flag,
Our hearts to terrify.
With their big guns to our small arms,
At us they did let fly.

We mounted four six-pounders
To fight a hundred men,
And when the action did begin,
It was just about half-past ten;
We mounted four six-pounders,
Our crew being twenty-two;
In the course of an hour and a quarter,
Those pirates we did subdue.

And now our prize we've taken
Unto Columbia's shore,
To that dear old place in America,
They call sweet Baltimore;
We'll drink success to Daniel,
Likewise his gallant crew,
That fought and beat that Pirate
With his noble twenty-two.

THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA.

It was in September, the eighteenth day
In spite of the salt sea's dashing spray,
We landed safe on the Crimea,
Upon our route to Alma.

That night we lay on the cold, cold ground,
No peace or comfort could be found,
And by the rain were nearly drowned,
To cheer our hearts for Alma.

Next morning when we did arise,
Beneath those gloomy Russian skies,
Lord Ragalan, our Chieftain cries,
"Prepare to march for Alma."

And when the heights they hove in view,
The strongest hearts they would subdue,
To see that motley Russian crew
Upon the heights of Alma.

They were so strongly fortified,
With batteries on each mountain side,
Lord Ragalan viewed their works and cried,
"We'll have tough work in Alma."

The Scotch Greys were the first that came,
And turned their fire in like rain,
But many a Highland lass will maurn,
For that day's work at Alma.

The Twenty-second Fusileers,
They gained the heights and gave three cheers,
With joy each Briton's heart did cheer,
Hibernia's sons at Alma.

Back to Sebastapool the Russians fled,
They left their dying and their dead,
The rivers that day did run red
With the blood that flowed at Alma.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon Town,
When in his cottage weary an Orangeman lay down;
The summer sun in splendor had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The Orange banner waving flew boldly in the breeze;
In mighty chorus greeting a thousand voices join,
And fife and drums are beating the battle of the Boyne.

Ha! Toward his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,

From yonder thicket flying with blood upon his brow?
"Hide, hide me, worthy stranger, though green my color be,
And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee.

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew;
Hark! Hear that fearful warning, there is death in every tone,
Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green,
He heard the tale and felt it in his very soul within;
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone,
I'll save your life till morning or I will lose my own."

Now 'round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed,
"Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain,
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain."

With rising shouts they gather upon the track again,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain;
He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay,
"Arise," he said, "all danger is gone and passed away."

"I had a son, one, only one, loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed strife,
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease,
I kept the pledge I gave thee, arise and go in peace."

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale,
The father, broken hearted, lay brooding o'er the tale;
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard,
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary in merry Wexford Town,
When in his cabin weary a peasant laid him down,
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford Town was ringing with cries of Granua.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag gaily waving was spread against the breeze,
In mighty chorus meeting loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating down—Orangeman, lie down!

Hark! Mid the stirring clangor that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices high in anger rise on the evening air,
Like billows of the ocean he sees them hurry on,
And 'mid the wild commotion an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
But I could tell a story would shame your cruel band;

Full twenty years and over have changed by heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

“It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When fainting and defeated I freely took him in;
I pledged my word to save him fro mvengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son.”

The aged peasant heard him and knew him as he stood,
Remembrance kindly stirred him and tender gratitude;
With rushing tears of pleasure he pierced the listening train,
“I’m here to pay the measure of kindness back again.”

Upon his bosom falling the old man’s tears came down,
Deep memory recalling the cot and fatal town;
“The hand that would offend thee, my being first shall end,
I’m living to defend thee, my savior and my friend.”

He said, and turning slowly addressed the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning he told the tale aloud;
Now pressed the warm beholders, their aged for to greet,
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through
the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him;
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended, the Orange and the
Green.

MRS. FOGARTY’S CAKE.

As I sat by my window last evening, the letter-man brought
unto me,
A little gild-edged invitation, saying, “Gillhooley, come over
to tea.”
Sure I knew that the Fogarty’s sent it, so I went just for old
friendship sake,
And the first thing they gave me to tackle was a slice of Mrs.
Fogarty’s cake.

Chorus—

There was plums and prunes and cherries,
And citrons and cinnamon, too,
There was cloves and spices and berries,
And the crust it was nailed on with glue;
There was carroway seeds in abundance,

Sure it would build up a fine stomach ache,
It would kill a man twice after eating
A piece of Mrs. Fogarty's cake.

Miss Mulligan wanted to taste it, but really there wasn't no use,
They worked for over an hour, but couldn't get none of it loose,
Till Fogarty went for a hatchet and Kelly he came with a saw,
That cake was enough, be the powers, to paralyze any one's jaw.

Mrs. Fogarty, proud as a peacock, kept smiling and blinking
away,

Till she tripped over Flannagan's brogans and spilt a whole
brewing of tay;

Oh, Gilhooly," she cries, "you're not ating, try a little piece
more of my cake."

Says I, "No, Mrs. Fogarty, thank you, but I'd like the recate
for that cake."

Maloney was took with colic, McNulty complained of his head,
McFadden laid down on the sofa and soon he wished himself
dead;

Miss Daly fell down in hysterics and there she did wriggle and
shake,

While every man swore he was poisoned through ating Mrs.
Fogarty's cake.

BALLENTOWN BRAE.

Come, all you young folks, I pray lend an ear,
And hear the sad fate of two lovers so dear;
Concerning young Jessie of Ballentown Brae,
And the Lord of Morelands that led her estray.

One night as this young lord he lay down to sleep,
Young Jessie came to him and o'er him did weep,
Saying, "My once blooming cheeks they now moulder away,
Beneath the cold sods in Ballentown Brae."

It was then that this young lord did instantly rise,
"It's the voice of my Jessie," he frantiely cries;
"And if she is dead as the vision does say,
I'll lie down by her side in Ballentown Brae."

He called for a servant to saddle his steed,
Over high hills and mountains he rode at great speed,
Until he arrived at the noon hour of day,
At the cot of young Jessie on Ballentown Brae.

Jessie's old father stood at his own gate,
Like a man much forlorn bewailing his fate;
The young lord drew near to afford him relief,
And begged he might ask him the cause of his grief.
"I had but one daughter," the old man did say,
"And now she lies sleeping in Ballentown Brae.

"She was as fair as a lily, as mild as a fawn,
As beauteous a maid as the sun e'er shone on;
She died broken hearted like one in despair,
A-wringing her hands and tearing her hair,
And all for a young lord that led her astray,
And decoyed her from home in Ballentown Brae."

"Then I am the traitor," the young lord he cried,
"But I really intended to have made her my bride."
And while he was talking a small sword he drew,
With the heart of repentance he pierced himself through;
And while he was dying these words he did say,
"Lay me down by her side in Ballentown Brae."

THE CROPPY BOY.

It was early, early all in the spring.
The small birds whistling did sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was "Old Ireland's is free."

It was early, early last Tuesday night,
The Yeoman Cavalry gave me a fright;
The Yeoman Cavalry was my downfall,
When I was taken before Lord Cornwall.

It was in his guard house I did lay,
And in his parlor they swore my life away;
My sentence passed and with courage low,
Unto Dungannon I was forced to go.

And when I was marching through Wexford street,
My cousin Nancy I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one guinea swore my life away.

When I was passing my father's door,
My brother William stood on the floor;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her gray hair she tore.

My sister Mary in great distress,
She rushed down stairs in her mourning dress;
Five thousand guineas she would lay down
For to see me liberated in Wexford town.

And when we were marching up Wexford hill,
Who would blame me were I to cry my fill;
With a guard behind and a guard before,
But my tender mother I'll see no more.

And when I was standing on the gallows high,
My aged father was standing nigh;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

I chose the dark and I chose the blue,
I chose the pink and the orange, too;
I forsook them all and did them deny,
I wore the green and for it I'll die.

It was in Dungannon this young man died,
And in Dungannon his body lies;
And all good people that this way pass by,
Say, "May the Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy!"

McSORLEY'S TWINS.

Mrs. McSorley had fine bouncing twins,
Two fat little devils they were,
With squalling and bawling from morning till night,
They would deafen you, I do declare.
Be me sowl 'twas a caution the way they would scream,
Like the blast of a fisherman's horn;
Says McSorley, "Not one blessed hour have a slept,
Since them two little devils was born."

Chorus—

With the beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night,
Sure, they couldn't stand up on their pins;
Such an elegant time at the christening we had,
Of McSorley's two beautiful twins.

Says Mrs. McSorley, "A christening we'll have,
For to give the two darlings a name."
"We will," says McSorley, "sure one they must get,
Something grand, to be sure, for that same."
For Godmothers Kate and Mag Murphy stood up,

And for godfathers came the two Flynns;
Johanna Maria and Diagnacious O'Mara
Was the name that they christened the twins.

When the christening was over the company began
With good whiskey to fill up their skins,
And the neighbors came in just to drink a good health
To McSorley's two beautiful twins.
When old Mrs. Mullin had drank all her punch,
Sure, her limbs wouldn't hould her at all,
She fell in the cradle on top of the twins,
And they set up a murthering squall.

Then Mrs. McSorley jumped up in a rage,
And she threatened Mrs. Mullin's life;
Says ould Denny Mullin, "I'll bate the first man
That'd dare lay a hand on me wife."
The McGanns and the Geoghans had an ould grudge,
And the Murphys pitched into the Flynns,
They upset the cradle, tipped over the bed,
And they smothered the two little twins.

THE LASS OF DUNMORE.

As I went a-walking one morning,
Bright Phoebus so clearly did shine,
And the meadow larks warbled melodious,
While the rose in the valleys did twine;
It was there I beheld a fair maid.

It was down by a grove where I wandered,
A while to repose in the shade,
On my destiny there for to ponder,
I raised up on my feet for to view her,
And those tender words I did say,
"Who are you, my fairest of creatures?
How far through this grove do you stray?"
She answered, "Kind sir, I will tell you,
And the truth unto you I deplore,
It's a matter that's lately befell me,
My dwelling place is down in Dunmore.

"Oh, once I did love a bold seamán,
And he, too my fond heart had gamed,
No mortal on earth could love dearer,
But now he is crossing the main,

With Nelson, that hero of battle,
In the English navy so brave,
Where cannons and guns loud do rattle,
For to fight the proud French on the wave."

"Then perhaps that your true love is drowned,
And he ne'er will return home again,
For many a man has fallen a victim
With Nelson while crossing the main;
And the same thing might happen to your love,
As it's happened to others before,
So it's come with me now, I pray, darling.
And leave the dark shades of Dunmore."

"Oh, how could I be so unfaithful
To a heart that is constant and true,
To leave my own father's dwelling
And to venture my fortunes with you?
Oh, the people would call me unconstant,
For it's truly to him I am sworn,
And true lovers ne'er should be parted,
I'll wait for that lad in Dunmore."

Then says I, "My fair, tender blossom,
The spring time of life soon will be o'er,
And the October leaves will be falling,
They will fade the fair Rose of Dunmore."
When I found that her heart was a-yielding,
Like I've found it with others before,
Oh, I packed up my all for Renfralen,
And I stole the fair Rose of Dunmore.

TEDDY MCGRAW.

Come, all of you Hibernian sons, I'll tell you how the war begun,
It was caused by Mrs. McGraw and son, and that's the way the
war begun,
With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.
Mrs. McGraw to the Captain did say, my son Teddy is bold
and brave,
Put on his head a golden cap blood and ounds, Teddy, what
do you think of that?
With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.
Teddy sailed across the say and he fought in the war for many
a day,

He fought in Spain and Cuba, too, he lost his legs at Timbuctoo,
With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.

Then Mrs. McGraw went down to the shore and she waited
there for seven years or more,

She spied a ship far out at say, blood and ounds, it's a warning,
clear the way,

With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.

Teddy landed without any legs, in the place of them he had
wooden pegs,

When he'd embraced his mother a time or two she says, "Teddy,
dear, sure it is not you,

With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.

Oh, was you drunk or was you blind when you left your two
legs far behind,

Or was you wading across the sea and wore your legs off to
the knee?

With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.

I was nather drunk or was I blind whin I left my two legs far
behind,

But when a mighty cannon ball, WHOO! it took me legs off,
brogues and all,

With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.

A mighty war I will proclaim again' the king and queen of
Spain,

And I will make them rue the day when they shot the legs off
me child away,

With me ran-tan-ah-toor-a-nah—my son was a Teddy McGraw.

AS I RODE DOWN THROUGH IRISHTOWN.

As I rode down through Irishtown one evening last July,

The mother of a soldier in tears I did espy,

Saying, "God be with you, Johnnie dear, although you are
far away,

For you my heart is breaking since you went to the Crimea.

"Oh, Johnnie, I gave you schooling, I gave you a trade likewise,
You need not have joined the army if you had taken my advise,
You need not go to face the foe where cannons loud do roar,
Think of the thousands that have fallen now upon that Russian
shore.

He joined the Fourteenth regiment, it was a splendid corp,

They landed honorable mention upon the Russian shore;
He fought in foreign engagements with the loss of men each day,
And there is many a mother shedding tears for sons that are
far away.

“You fought at Kurksharosko where you did not succeed,
Likewise at the valley of Inkerman, where thousands there
did bleed,
You fought at Balaklava, too it was there you gained the day,
And my darling is a hero although he’s far away.

“It was when we attacked Sebastapool, it was there you’d see
some play,
The very ground we stood upon it shook, the truth I say,
The clouds were black with heavy smoke from bomb shells firing
there,
And thousands weltering in their blood that went to fight the
Bear.

“The English said they would gain the seas whate’er might
be their doom,
And thousands there a-falling, cut down in their youthful bloom,
There Paddy’s sons with English guns their valor did display,
And together with the sons of France, thank God, we gained
the day.

“Had your heart been made of iron for them you would shed
tears,
To see those heroes falling, cut down in their youthful years,
To see those heroes falling and weltering in their gore,
Far from their home and friends, my boys, upon that Russian
shore.

“So now to end and finish and to conclude my song,
I thank the God above me for having survived so long,
Likewise my poor old mother, ’twas her I did adore,
And I hope, dear mother, to meet you safe in Garryowne once
more.

JACK ROGERS.

Come, all you tender Christians, I hope you will lend ear,
And likewise pay attention to those few lines you’ll hear,
For the murder of Mr. Swanton I am condemned to die,
On the twelfth day of November upon the gallows high.

My name it is Jac k Rogers, a name I’ll ne’er deny,

Which leaves my aged parents in sorrow for to cry,
It's little did they ever think, all in my youthful bloom,
That I would come unto New York to meet my awful doom.

My parents reared me tenderly as you can plainly see,
And constant good advice they used to give to me;
They told me to shun night walking and all bad company,
Or state's prison or the gallows would be the doom of me.

But it was in play-houses and saloons I used to take delight,
And constantly my comrades they would me there invite,
I oft times was told by them that the use of knives was free,
And I might commit some murder and hanged I ne'er would be.

As Mr. Swanton and his wife were walking down the street,
All in a drunken passion I chanced them for to meet,
I own they did not harm me, the same I'll ne'er deny,
But Satan being so near me, I could not pass them by.

I staggered up against him, 'twas then he turned around,
Demanding half the sidewalk, also his share of ground,
'Twas then I drew that fatal knife and stabbed him to the heart,
Which caused that beloved wife from her husband there to part.

It was then I went to Trenton, thinking to escape,
But the hand of Providence was before me, indeed I was too late,
It was there I was taken prisoner and brought unto the Toombs,
For to die upon the gallows, all in my youthful bloom.

I am thankful to the sheriff, who has been so kind to me,
Likewise my worthy counsellors, who thought to set me free,
And also to the clergyman, who brought me in mind to bear,
For to die a true penitent I solemnly do declare.

The day of my execution it was heartrending to see,
My sister came from Jersey to take farewell of me,
She threw herself into my arms and bitterly did cry,
Saying, "My well beloved brother, this day you have to die."

And now my joys are ended, from this wide world I must part,
For the murder of Mr. Swanton I'm sorry to the heart;
Come, all you young ambitious youths, a warning take from me,
Be guided by your parents and shun bad company.

SHANTY BOY.

As I walked out one evening just as the sun went down,
So carelessly I wandered to a place called Stroner town,

There I heard two maids conversing as slowly I passed 'by,
One said she loved her farmer's son, and the other her shanty
boy.

The one that loved her farmer's son those words I heard her say,
The reason why she loved him, at home with her he'd stay,
He would stay at home all winter, to the woods he would not go,
And when the spring it did come in his grounds he'd plow and
sow.

"All for to plow and sow your land," the other girl did say,
If the crops should prove a failure your debts you couldn't pay;
If the crops should prove a failure, or the grain market be low,
The sheriff often sells you out to pay the debts you owe."

"As for the sheriff selling the lot, it does not me alarm,
For there's no need of going in debt if you are on a good farm;
You make your bread from off the land, need not work through
storms and rain,
While your shanty boy works hard each day his family to
maintain."

"I only love my shanty boy who goes out in the fall,
He is both stout and hardy, well fit for every squall;
With pleasure I'll receive him in the spring when he comes
home,
And his money free he will share with me when your farmer's
son has none."

"Oh, why do you love a shanty boy, to the wild woods he
must go,
He is ordered out before daylight to work through rain and
snow,
While happy and contented my farmer's son can lie,
And tell to me some tales of love as the cold winds whistle by."

"I don't see why you love a farmer," the other girl did say,
"The most of them they are so green the cows would eat for hay;
It is easy you may know them whenever they're in town,
The small boys run up to them saying, 'Rube, how are you
down?' "

"For what I have said of your shanty boy I hope you will
pardon me,
And from that ignorant mossback I hope to soon get free,
And if ever I get rid of him for a shanty boy I will go,
I will leave him broken hearted his grounds to plow and sow."

CAROLINE OF EDINBURG TOWN.

Come, all young men and maidens, come listen to my rhyme,
It is all about a nice young girl that was scarcely in her prime,
She beat the blushing roses, admired all around,
Was lovely little Caroline of Edinburg town.

Young Henry was a Highland man, a-courting her he came,
And when her parents came to know they did not like the same;
Young Henry was offended and this to her did say,
"Rise up, my lovely Caroline, and with me run away."

Persuaded by young Henry, she put on her finest gown,
And soon was traveling on the road from Edinburg town;
She says to him, "Oh, Henry, dear, pray never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinburg town."

They had not been in London scarcely half a year
When hard-hearted Henry he proved to be severe;
Says Henry, "I'll go to sea, your parents did on me frown,
So without delay go beg your way to Edinburg town."

The fleet is fitting out and to Spithead is dropping down,
And I will join in that fleet to fight for King and Crown;
"The gallant tar might feel the scar or in the waters drown,
But," says she, "I never will return to Edinburg town."

Filled with grief without relief, this maiden she did go,
Right into the wood to eat such food as on the bushes grew;
Some strangers they did pity her and more did on her frown,
And some did say what made you stray from Edinburg town?

It was on a lofty jutting cliff this maid sat down to cry,
A-watching of King Henry's ships as they were sailing by;
She says, "Farewell, oh, Henry dear," and plunged her body
down,
And that's what became of Caroline of Edinburg town.

A note was in her bonnet that was found along the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair and those words, "I am no
more;

I am fast asleep down in the deep, the fishes are watching
'round,

What once was lovely Caroline of Edinburg town."

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,

For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind beaten hill;
But the day star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native Isle of the ocean,
Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh.

"Oh, sad is my fate," said the heart broken stranger,
"The wild deer and roe to the mountains can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
A home and a country remains not for me;
Oh, never again in the green shady bower,
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin Go Bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore,
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;
And thou, cruel fate, will thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?
Oh, never again shall my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend me or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin once fast by the wildwood,
Sisters and sire did weep for its fall,
Where is the mother that looked over my childhood,
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?
Tears like the rain may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin Go Bragh;
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields fairest Isle of the ocean,
And the harp striking bard sings aloud with devotion,
"Erin Mavourneen, sweet Erin Go Bragh."

DEAR LAND.

When comes the day all hearts to weigh if they be staunch or
vile,

Shall we forget the sacred debt we owe our mother isle?
My native heath is brown beneath, my native waters blue,
But crimson red o'er both shall spread ere I am false to you.
Dear land, ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold, your noble lakes and
streams,
A mingled tide of grief and pride within my bosom turns;
I think of all your long dark thrall, your martyrs brave and true,
And dash apart the tears that start, we must not weep for you,
Dear land, we must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside, they seized and hanged him
there,
His only crime in evil time was your hallowed green did wear;
Across the main his brothers twain were sent to pine and rue,
And still they turned with hearts that burned in hopeless love
to you,
Dear land, in hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clings to hear of Erin's pride of you,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute her independent shore,
Of Chiefs long dead who rose to head some gallant patriots few,
Till all my aim on earth became to strike one blow for you,
Dear land, to strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest, let other heads divine,
By work or word with voice or sword to follow them be mine;
The breast that zeal and hatred steel no terrors can subdue,
If death should come that martyrdom were sweet endured for
you,
Dear land, were sweet endured for you.

THE FAITHLESS WIFE.

Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met, said he,
For I've just returned from the deep salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.

Oh, I might have married a Queen's daughter,
For she would have married me,
But I forsook her vrown of gold,
And it was all for the sake of thee.

If you could have married a Queen's daughter,
I'm sure you are much to blame,

For I am married to a house carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man.

If you will leave your house carpenter,
And go along with me,
I will bring you where the grass grows green,
On the banks of the sweet Dundee.

Were I to leave my house carpenter,
And go along with thee,
What have you got to maintain me there,
Or to keep me from slavery?

I have five ships on the ocean wide,
All sailing for dry land,
With a hundred and ten of their jolly seamen,
To be at your command.

She picked up her darling babe,
And kisses gave it three,
Saying, "Stay at home, my sweet little babe,
Keep your papa company."

They had not sailed two weeks, I believe,
I am sure it was not three,
Until this pretty fair maid began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

"Oh, do you weep for my gold?" said he,
Or do you weep for my store,
Or do you weep for your house carpenter,
That you left on yonder shore?"

"I do not weep for your gold," said she,
"Or neither for your store,
But I do weep for my sweet little babe,
That I never will see more."

They had not sailed three weeks, I believe,
I am sure it was not four,
Until her true love's ship it struck a rock,
And it sank to rise no more.

"Curse one, curse all," this fair maid cried,
"Oh, curse a sailor's life,
For they robbed me of my sweet little babe,
And deprieved me of my life."

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side in a wild and lonely spot,
No dwelling there for three miles round except her father's cot;
And still on many a wintry night young swains would gather there,

For her father kept a social board and she was young and fair.

Her father loved to see her dressed as fine as a city belle,
For she was the only child he had and he loved his daughter well;

It is New Year's Eve, the sun is down, why beam her longing eyes,

Out at the frosty window for to see the sleighs go by?

At a village inn fifteen miles off there is a merry ball tonight,
The air is cold and piercing, but her heart beats warm and light,

Yet restless beams her longing eyes till a well known sound she hears,

When dashing up to the cottage door young Charlie's sleigh appears.

"Oh, daughter dear," the mother cries, "this blanket around you fold,

It is a dreadful night, you know and you'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, nay, oh, nay!" fair Charlotte said, and she laughed like a gypsy queen,

"To ride in blankets muffled up I never shall be seen.

"My silken cloak is warm enough, you know it is lined through-out,

Besides I have a silken shawl to tie my neck about."

Her bonnet and her gloves were on, she jumped into the sleigh,
And away they rode by the mountainside and over the hills away.

There is life in the sound of the merry bells as o'er the hills they go,

What a creaking doth the runners make as they bite the frozen snow.

With muffled face all silently, five cold long miles they passed,
When Charlie in a few frozen words the silence broke at last.

"Such a night as this I never knew, the reins I scarce can hold,"
When Charlotte said in a feeble voice, "I am exceeding cold."

He cracked his whip and hurried his steeds more swiftly than before,

Until at length five other miles they quickly did pass o'er.
At length said Charles, "How fast the ice is gathering on my brow,"
Young Charlotte said in a feeble voice, "I am growing warmer now."
Still on they glide through the frosty air and in the cold star-light,
Until at length the village inn and the ball-room were in sight.
They reached the place and Charles jumped out and held his hands for her,
"Why sit you there like a monument, have you ~~no~~ power to stir?"
He asked her once, he asked her twice, she answered not a word,
He asked her for her hand again, and yet she never stirred.
He took her hands within his own—oh, God, they were cold as stone,
He tore the mantle from her brow, the cold stars on her shone;
Then quickly to the lighted hall her lifeless form he bore,
Young Charlotte was a frozen corpse and never spoke no more.
He sat himself down by her side, and the bitter tears did flow,
He said, "My dear intended bride, you no more will sorrow know."
He threw his arms around her neck and kissed her marble brow,
And his thoughts went back to the place where she said, "I am growing warmer now."
He put the corpse into the sleigh and quickly hurried home,
And when he reached the cottage door, oh, how her parents mourned!
They mourned for the loss of their daughter dear, and young Charlie mourned for his bride.
He mourned until his heart did break and they slumber side by side.

THE CLIPPER SHIP "DREADNAUGHT."

We have a flash packet, she's a packet of fame,
She belongs to New York and the "Dreadnaught" is her name;
She is bound for the ocean where the stormy winds blow,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.
Now we are laying at the Liverpool dock,

Where the boys and the girls on the pier-heads do flock,
And they gave us three cheers while their tears down did flow,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

The "Dreadnaught" is lying in the river Mersy,
Waiting for the tug "Constitution" to tow us to sea,
She tows around the Black Rock where the Mersy does flow,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

And now we are howling on the wild Irish sea,
Where the sailors and passengers together agree,
For the sailors are perched on the yard arms, you know,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

Now we are sailing on the ocean so wide,
Where the great open billows dash against her black side,
And the sailors off watch are all sleeping below,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

And now we are sailing off the banks of New Foundland,
Where the waters are deep and the bottom is sand,
Where the fish of the ocean they swim to and fro,
Bound away on the "Dreadnaught" to the Westward we'll go.

And now we are howling off Long Island's green shore,
Where the pilot he bards us as he's oft done before,
Fill away your main top sails, port your main tack also,
She's a Liverpool packet, Lord God, let her go.

And now we are riding in New York Harbor once more,
I will go and see Nancy, she's the girl I adore,
To the parson I'll take her, my bride for to be,
Farewell to the "Dreadnaught" and the deep stormy sea.

THE DAY THAT I PLAYED BASEBALL.

Oh, me name it is O'Houlihan, I'm a man that influential,
I mind my business, stay at home me wants are few and small;
But the other day a gang did come, they were filled with whiskey,
gin and rum,
And they took me out in the broiling sun to play a game of ball.
They made me carry all the bats, I thought they'd set me
crazy,
They put me out in the center field, sure I paralyzed them all;
When I put up me hands to stop a fly, holy murder, it struck
me in the eye,
And they laid me out by the fence to die on the day that I
played baseball.

There was O'Shaughnessy of the second nine, he was throwing
them underhanded,
He put a twirl upon them and I couldn't strike them at all;
The umpire he called strikes on me; "What's that?" says I:
"You're out," says he,
Bad luck to you O'Shaughnessy, and the way that you twirled
the ball.

Then I went to bat and I knocked the ball I thought to San
Francisco,

Around the bases three times three, by Heavens, I run them all,
When the gang set up a terrible howl, saying, "O'Houlihan,
you struck a foul,

And they rubbed me down with a Turkish towel on the day
that I played baseball.

The catcher swore by the Jack of Trumps that he saw me steal-
ing bases,

And fired me into a keg of beer, I loud for help did call;
I got roaring, staving, stone-blind drunk, I fell in the gutter, I
lost my spunk,

I had a head on me like an elephant's trunk on the day that I
played baseball.

The reporters begged to know my name and presented me with
a medal,

They asked me for my photograph to hang upon the wall,
Saying, "O'Houlihan you won the game," though me head was
sore and shoulder lame,

And they sent me home on a cattle train on the day that I
played baseball.

THE LAND WHERE THE SHAMROCKS GROW.

There is an Island that's famed in her story,

Sweet poets have sung in her praise,

Her verses have no brighter glory,

But her sons have seen happier days;

Let an Irishman roam the world over,

No matter where'er he may be,

He never will forget dear old Ireland,

The Emerald Gem of the Sea.

Chorus—

For some love the land of the thistle,

Or England with her wild red rose,

But our hearts are away in old Ireland,

The land where the Shamrock grows.

Her sons they are one and true hearted,
Her daughters are virtuous and true,
Though passing through time of great trouble,
Give the children of Ireland their due;
And her boys in the ranks of a soldier,
Have many hard victories gained,
They never turned tail on the foeman,
They'd sooner be found 'mong the slain.

There has been sad trouble of late in old Ireland,
But don't give poor Pat all the blame,
His deeds never tarnished his honor,
It keeps from his cheeks the red blushes of shame;
But the deeds of the dark depredators,
And quarrels with landlords about rent,
If it were not for those paid agitators,
You'd soon find old Ireland content.

May Ireland soon cease her repining,
And her sons be content with their lot,
Each dark cloud has a silvery lining,
So may peace reign in mansion and cot;
Let Ireland's dark day soon be over,
And peace in our country reign,
And make us more friendly to England,
And be true sisters again.

LOST ON THE LADY ELGIN.

Up from the poor man's cottage, forth from the mansion door,
Sweeping across the water and echoing along the shore,
Caught by the morning breezes, borne on the evening gale,
Came at the dawn of morning a sad and solemn wail.

Refrain—

Lost on the Lady Elgin, sleeping to wake no more,
Numbering in death five hundred that failed to reach the shore.

Sad was the wail of children, weeping for parents gone,
Children that slept at evening, orphans woke at morn;
Sisters for brothers weeping, husbands for missing wives,
These were the ties that were severed by those five hundred lives.

Staunch was the noble steamer, precious the freight she bore,
Gaily they loosed their cables a few short hours before,
Proudly she swept our harbor, joyfully rang the bell,
Little they thought ere morning it would peal so sad a knell.

ROSE O'GRADY.

Just down around the corner of a street where I reside,
There lives the sweetest little girl that I have ever spied;
Her name is Rose O'Grady and I don't mind telling you,
That she's the sweetest little Rose that the garden ever grew.

Chorus—

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, my dear little Rose,
She's my steady lady, most every one knows,
And when we are married, how happy we'll be,
For I love Rosie O'Grady and Rosie O'Grady loves me.

I never shall forget the day she promised to be mine,
As we sat telling love tales in the good old summer time;
It was on her finger that I slipped a small engagement ring,
While overhead the little birds this song they seemed to sing.

SINCE JAMES WENT ON THE STAGE.

My name is Patrick Hogan, in this city I reside,
I raised a son to manhood and he was my joy and pride,
But now play actors and such trash does all his time engage,
Me carpet is tore and me house is in a roar,
Since James went on the stage.

Chorus--

He wears long shoes and striped socks,
And he says they're all the rage;
Me carpet is tore and me house is in a roar
Since James went on the stage.

He has me hat and coat all spiled and everything is broke,
He druv his fut thru the flure when he was tryin' to dance the
lively moke.

He says he'll make a terrible hit and he tells me he's immense
And he took the ould woman's petticoat to play the Nágur
Wench:

He sings, "Ta-ta and tra-la-la-le," just like a bird in a cage,
And he's set me nearly crazy since he went upon the stage.

THE SONG THAT REACHED MY HEART.

I sat 'midst a mighty throng within a palace grand,
In a city far beyond the sea, in a distant foreign land,

I listened to the grandest strain my ear had ever heard,
Enraptured, charmed, amazed I was; my inmost soul was stirred.
I looked on the singer fair, my heart was at her feet—
She sang of love, the old, old theme, in accents low and sweet;
And then she sang a song that made the teardrops start,
She sang a song, a song of home, a song that reached my heart.

That night I never shall forget, that night with its pleasure and
pain,

I think of the singer, I think of the song, and wish I could live
it again;

In fancy again I recall the scene with its splendor bright,
The mighty throng, the palace grand—oh, the mem'ry of that
night!

My fancy it may have been, but never had I heard

A song that thrilled me o'er like this, like this so strangely
stirred;

The mem'ries of that night of bliss will never from me part,
She sang a song of "Home, Sweet Home," the song that reached
my heart.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home, She sang a song of Home,
Sweet Home,

The song that reached my heart.

BERNARD RILEY.

My name is Owen Riley, I have a son that sets me crazy;
He comes home every night singing blackguard songs,
That he learnt at the free and azy.

Chorus—

He's gone, he's gone, the Lord knows where,

Yes, he's gone to the divil entirely;

He tells me that he's looking for the lost Charlie Ross,
God help you, Bernard Riley.

He came home the other night about two o'clock in the morning,

He wanted strawberries and ice cream for his supper,

When they brought him cabbage and corned mate,

He flung it out in the gutter.

He came home the other night with a pair of boxing gloves,

Struck his sister across the legs with a poker;

He had a ould deck of cards and he wanted me to play

Sancho, pedro, seven-up, with the joker.

He went out the other day and he pawned me Sunday pants,
For to go and lay a wager,
And he took me down in the old Third ward,
To fight again a big buck Naggur.

THE HAT ME FATHER WORE.

I am Paddy Miles, an Irish boy, from far across the sea,
For singing or for dancing, oh, I think I can please ye,
I can sing and dance with any man as I did in days of yore,
And on Patrick's day I long to wear the hat me Father wore.

Chorus—

It's ould but it's beautiful, the best you ever seen,
It was worn for more than ninety years in that little isle so
green;

From me Father's great ancestors it descended with galore,
It's a relie of ould decency, it's the hat me Father wore.

I bid you all good evening, good luck to you, I say,
And when I'm on the ocean I hope for me you'll pray;
I am going to me happy home in a place called Ballymore,
To be welcomed back to Paddy's land with the hat we Father
wore.

And when I do return again, the boys and girls to see,
I hope that with ould Erin's style you'll kindly welcome me,
And sing me songs of Ireland to cheer me more and more,
And to make me Irish heart feel glad with the hat me Father
wore.

TIDY IRISH LAD.

I'm a tidy bit of an Irish lad, as you can plainly see,
And I like a drop of the creature when I go out upon a spree;
I like a drop of the creature in a good old Irish style,
And a better drop cannot be had than is sold in the Emerald
Isle.

Chorus—

Far away from our native country, me boys, we sometimes roam,
We won't forget we are Irishmen, although we're far from home.

Oh, they say no Irish need apply, it is a thing I don't under-
stand,

For what would the English army do if it were not for Paddy's
land?

Wherever they went to battle they never were known to win,
Except when the ranks they were filled up with the best of
Irishmen.

It was at the battle of Waterloo, Sebastapool the same,
The sons of Paddy's land they showed that they were game;
They gave three hearty cheers, me boys, in a good old Irish style,
And we walloped the Russians at Inkerman, did the boys of the
Emerald Isle.

NO IRISH WANTED HERE.

I am an Irish laborer, both hearty, stout and strong,
Idleness I never loved, to our race it don't belong;
I have still the strength and will to toil, for the wants of life
are dear,

But I'm told wherever I ask for work, "No Irish wanted here."

You may think it a misfortune to be christened Pat or Dan,
But to me it is a blessing to be called an Irishman;
I may live to see the day, it will come, oh, never fear,
When ignorance gives way to sense and you'll welcome Irish
here.

When your country was in danger a few short years ago,
You were not so particular then who would go and fight the foe;
When men were wanted in the ranks to preserve her rights so
dear,

Among the bravest of the brave was our Irish volunteers.

Oh, let your hearts be generous, help Paddy from the wall,
For there's but one God above us who knows and loves us all;
I may live to see the day, it will come, oh, never fear,
When ignorance gives way to sense and you'll welcome Irish
here.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would in days of childhood
Fling over my fancy their magic spells;

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork of thee,
While thy Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full-many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling,
Of the belfry knelling its bold notes free;
Made the Bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian Mole in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
With Cymbals glorious swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the Dome of Peter,
Flings over the Tiber pealing solemnly,
Oh, the Bell of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow while on Tower and Kiosko,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall Minarets;
Such an empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the Bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

THAT TUMBLE-DOWN SHACK IN ATHONE.

I'm a long way from home and my thoughts ever roam
To ould Erin far over the sea;
For my heart it is there where the skies are so fair,
And ould Ireland is calling for me.

Chorus—

Oh, I want to go back to that tumble-down shack,
Where the wild roses bloom 'round the door,
Just to pillow my head in that ould trundle bed,
Just to see my ould mother once more.
Theres' a bright gleaming light, guiding me home tonight,
Down the long road of white cobble stone;

Down the road that leads back to that tumble-down shack,
To that tumble-down shack in Athlone.

There are eyes that are sad as they watch for a lad
In the old-fashioned town of Athlone;
And I pray for the day when I'm sailing away
To ould Ireland, and mother, my own.

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH.

Three years ago this very day we went to Governor's Isle,
For to stand ferninst the cannon in true military style;
Seventeen American dollars each month we'd surely get,
For to carry a gun and bayonet with a regimental step;
We had our choice of going to the army or to jail,
Of up the Hudson river with a cop to take a sail;
We mustered up our courage and with bravery did we go,
Oh, we cursed the day we went away with the Regular Army Oh.

Chorus—

There was Sergeant John McCaffery and Captain Donahue,
They would make us march and toe the mark in gallant Com-
pany Q;
Oh, the drums would roll upon my soul, this is the style we'd go,
Forty miles a day on beans and hay in the Regular Army Oh.

We went to Arizona to fight the Indians there,
We came near being bald-headed, but they never got our hair;
We lay among the ditches in the dirty yellow mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip or a spud;
On the telegraphic wire we walked to Mexico,
And we blessed the day we skipped away from the Regular
Army Oh.

We are as dry as army herrings and as hungry as a Turk,
The boys along the street cry out, "Soldiers, would you work?"
We would ship into the navy to plow the raging sea,
But salt water sure we could not endure, it would never agree
with me;
We'll join the Politicians and then we'll be well fed,
We'll sleep no more upon the ground, but in a feather bed;
And if a war it should break out and they'd call on us to go,
We'd hire Italian substitutes for the Regular Army Oh.

KITTY, THE WICKLOW GIRL.

God bless you all, I just came out to have a little chat,
I am Irish sure, but that's no sin, I'm a rollicking merry Pat;
The ladies' hearts I captivate, as for them my stick I twirl,
But Grahmachree, the maid for me is Kitty, the Wicklow girl.

Chorus—

For her step is light, her eyes are bright, her teeth are like
the pearl,

Arrah Grahmachree, the maid for me is Kitty, the Wicklow girl.

Her fortune it is but small to him who gains her hand,
But her heart is pure and that's worth all the diamonds in
the land;

Oh, had I all the riches of any great Lord or Earl,
I am very sure I would still be poor without me Wicklow girl.

They may talk about their Fandangoes that the ladies hop in
France,

But let them come to Wicklow, they'll see a rale old country
dance;

Both rich and poor they nettle the flure while their Kippeens
they do twirl,

Oh, my heart grows big when I dance a jig with Kitty, the
Wicklow girl.

THE TWENTY-POUND DOG.

My name it is Dennis Mulcahey and I live in this town of
renown,

I made a bet with one Terrence Mahaffey that my bulldog
could wallop the town;

He said he knew one Ted O'Murphy that lived way down below
in the bog,

Had an old black and tan Irish terrier that would murder me
twenty-pound dog.

Chorus—

Then, gentlemen, he was a dandy until Murphy, the dirty old
tog,

Came along with his terrier called Dandy—faith! he mur-
dered me twenty-pound dog.

Then I brought out my bold twenty pounder and he was gay
as a king,

He eyed Murphy's black and tan terrier and then they chassede

'round the ring;
They fought for an hour and a quarter, way down in Murphy's
old bog,
But the terrier walked off with the laurels, while a corpse lay
my twenty-pound dog.

Then I swore that I would have satisfaction and I off with me
coat and me hat,
And I went for the whole Murphy faction from big Ted down
to young Pat;
Now I own the black and tan terrier and I drove them clean
out of the bog,
And all the way home I cried vengeance, yes vengeance for me
twenty-pound dog.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Oh, sweet is the smile of the beautiful morn,
As it peeps through the curtain of night,
And the voice of the nightingale singing his song,
While the stars seem to shine with delight.
All nature now lingers in silent repose,
And the sweet breath of summer is calm,
While I sit and I wonder if Shamus e'er knows
How sad and unhappy I am.

Chorus—

Oh, Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home,
You don't know how happy I'd be;
I have but one darling wish and that is that you'll come,
And forever be happy with me.

I'll smile when you smile, I will weep when you weep,
I'll give you a kiss for a kiss,
And all the fond vows I have made you, I'll keep,
What more can I promise than this?
Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms,
That your heart cannot leave it for me?
Oh, why did I let you go out of my arms,
Like a bird that was caged but is free?

Oh, Shamus O'Brien, I'm loving you yet,
And my heart is still trusting and kind,
It was you who first took it, then can you forget
And love for another you'd find?
Oh, no, if you break it with sorrow and pain,

I'll then have a duty to do,
If you bring it to me I'll mend it again,
And trust it, dear Shamus, with you.

MY DAD'S DINNER PAIL.

Preserve that old kettle so blackened and worn,
It belonged to me Father before I was born;
It hangs in the corner beyant on a nail,
It is an emblem of labor, my dad's dinner pail.

Chorus—

For it glittered like silver so sparkling and bright,
I am fond of this treasure that held the wee bite;
Through summer and winter, through snow, rain and hail,
I've carried this treasure called dad's dinner pail.

When the bell rang for dinner me father would come down,
And eat with the workmen below on the ground;
He'd share with the laborer, on that I'll go bail,
You'd ne'er find the bottom of dad's dinner pail.

There is a place for the coffee and one for the bread,
Corn-beef and potatoes and oft, it was said,
Go fill it with porter, with beer or with ale,
The sup would taste sweeter from dad's dinner pail.

TWO IRISH LABORERS.

We are two Irish laborers, as you can plainly see,
From Donegal we came when small unto America;
We got work on the railroad, but sure it didn't pay,
So we struck a job to carry the hod for two and a half a day.

Chorus—

Pat, be quick, bring up the brick, the mortar, too, likewise,
Then push along and sing a song as up the ladder you rise;
I always thought it bully fun to be a mason's clerk,
And have the man on top of the house for to do all the work.

When we go back to Ireland, that dear old Emerald Isle,
Where the stranger finds a welcome and is greeted with a smile,
Then if you ever want a friend you needn't try too hard,
You'll always find one in the Irish boys that carried the hod.

THE TRAMP'S LAMENT.

I'm a broken down man without courage or cash,
My clothes are all tattered and torn;
Not a friend in this wide dreary world have I got,
And I wish I had never been born.
In vain I have sought for employment,
Sleeping out in the streets cold and damp,
I've been stared in the face by starvation,
Oh, pity the fate of a tramp.

Refrain—

They tell me go work for a living,
And not through the country to stamp;
But wherever I ask for employment,
They say they've no work for a tramp.

The other night coming down on the Rock Island line,
A poor man, weary and footsore,
Spied an empty box car standing on the track,
He jumped in and closed up the door.
He had not rode there but three miles or so,
When a brakeman came 'round with his lamp,
He was thrown from the box car and killed by the train,
Because he was only a tramp.

The rich man at home by his red, cheery fire,
With plenty and bountiful store,
And were I to ask for the crumbs of his board,
He'd dog me away from his door.
But, kind folks, if you'll listen a secret I'll unfold,
It's that all poor men are not scamps,
For there's many an honest heart beating
Beneath the seedy old coat of a tramp.

JENNIE, THE FLOWER OF KILDARE.

I am dreaming of Erin tonight and the little white cot by the
sea,
Where Jennie, my darling, now dwells; she's the fairest and
dearest to me;
I know that she waits for me day after day, and my heart
ever longs to be there,
To greet her, my darling, my own, sweet Jennie, the flower of
Kildare.

Chorus—

I know that she is waiting for me,

And my heart ever longs to be there;
To greet her, my darling my own,
Sweet Jennie, the Flower of Kildare.

I am waiting her sweet face to see, while parted I linger in pain,
But soon will my heart beat with joy, o'er the sea I'll be sailing
again;

And once more her sweet kiss of love to receive, for her the
sea storms I would dare,

To greet her, my darling, my own, sweet Jennie, the Flower
of Kildare.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus—

Weep no more, my lady, Oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where once lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus—

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,
I'm a-sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were
shining, too,

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo so sweetly I would play.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way,
Hark! There's somebody knocking at the door,
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh, my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a-coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

THE FALLING OF THE PINE.

(Square Timber Logging)

Come, all young men a-wanting of courage bold undaunted,
Repair unto the shanties before your youth's decline,
For spectators they will ponder and gaze on you with wonder,
For your noise exceeds the thunder in the falling of the pine.

The shanty is our station and lumbering our occupation,
Where each man has his station, some for to score and line,
It is nine foot of a block we will bust at every knock,
And the wolves and bears we'll shock at the falling of the
pine.

When the day it is a-breaking from our slumbers we're awak-
ened,

Breakfast being over, our axes we will grind,
Into the woods we do advance where our axes sharp do glance,
And like brothers we commence for to fall the stately pine.

For it's to our work we go through the cold and stormy snow,
 And it's there we labor gayly till bright Phoebus does not
 shine;
 Then to the shanties we'll go in and songs of love we'll sing,
 And we'll make the valleys ring at the falling of the pine.
 When the weather it grows colder, like lions we're more bolder,
 And while this forms grief for others it's but the least of
 mine,
 For the frost and snow so keen, it can never keep us in,
 It can never keep us in from the falling of the pine.
 When the snow is all diminished and our shanty work all fin-
 ished,
 Banished we are all for a little time,
 And then far apart we're scattered until the booms are gathered,
 Until the booms are gathered into handsome rafts of pine.
 When we get to Quebec, oh, me boys, we'll not forget,
 And our whistles we will wet with some brandy and good
 wine;
 With fair maidens we will boast till our money is all used,
 And, my boys, we'll ne'er refuse to go back and fall the pine.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

An old man gazed on a photograph that he'd worn in his locket
 for years,
 His nephew asked him the reason why that picture it caused
 him tears:
 "Come listen, my lad, and a story I'll tell, a story that's strange
 but true.
 Your father and I at school one day met two little girls in blue.

Chorus—

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,
 They were sisters and we were brothers and learned to love
 the two.
 And one of those girls in blue, lad, had-gained your father's
 heart,
 Became your mother, I married the other, but we have drifted
 apart.

"That picture is one of those girls," he said, "and to me she
 was once a wife,
 I thought her unfaithful, we quarreled and parted that night
 for life;

My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good
and true,
For two better girls there never lived than those two little
girls in blue."

ALLANAH IS WAITING FOR ME.

I am always light hearted and easy, not a care in the wide world
have I,

Because I am loved by a Coleen I couldn't help like if I'd try;
She lives away over the mountains where the little thrush sings
in the tree,

In a cabin all covered with ivy my Eileen is waiting for me.

Chorus—

It's over, yes over the mountain where the little thrush sings
in the tree,

In a cabin all covered with ivy my Eileen is waiting for me.

The day I bid good-bye to Eileen, that day I will never forget;
How the tears bubbled up from their slumber, I fancy I'm see-
ing them yet;

They looked like the pearls in the ocean as she wept those tears
of love,

Saying, "Barney, my boy, don't forget me until we meet again
here or above."

Though mountains and seas may divide us and friends like the
flowers come and go,

Still these thoughts of my Eileen will cheer me and comfort
wherever I go,

For the imprints of love and devotion, surrounded by thoughts
that are pure,

Will serve as a guide to the sailor while sailing the wild ocean
o'er,

BROWN GIRL.

When first to this country I came as a stranger,

I placed my affection on a maid that was young,

She being young and tender, her waist small and slender,

Kind nature had formed her for my overthrow.

On the bank of a river where first I beheld her,

She seemed like fair Venus or some other queen,
Her eyes shone like diamonds or stars brightly beaming,
Her cheeks like two roses or blood upon snow.

It was her cruel parents that first caused my ruin,
Because they were rich and above my degree,
But I will do my endeavor, my fair one, to gain her,
Although she belongs to a high family.

She says, "Lovely Johnny, don't be melancholy,
If you will be loyal, I'll surely prove true,
There is no other inferior that will e'er gain my favor,
On the banks of a river I'll wander with you."

Now since I have gained her I am contented forever,
I'll put rings on her fingers and gold in her hair,
With diamonds and pearls I will deck my Brown Girl,
And in all kinds of splendor I'll style you, "My Dear."

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.

I have a daughter and you'd think she was a lady,
Her Christian name is Sarah Jane, but for short they call her
Sadie;
She has a sweetheart come to see her nights, his moustache it is
sandy,
And the only tune he whistles right is "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Chorus—

Oh, he comes around 'most every night and brings her taffy
candy,
And the only tune he whistles right is "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
He brought her a concertina box and she began practicing,
The music would pierce you through and through, it was really
agonizing,
But if I find him here again, with him no words I'll bandy,
I'll take the poker and I'll smash this Yankee Doodle Dandy.

MULCAHY'S SISTER KATE.

You have heard me sing of a hero bold, Mulcahy was his name,
And, faith, he had a sister, too, that was noted for her fame;
She was chief cook in a boarding house and at making hash was
great,

She came from the county Donegal and her maiden name was Kate.

Chorus—

She is tall and thin with crooked shins, her age is twenty-eight,
Her face is red and so is the head of Mulcahy's sister Kate.

She trates me like a lady when her I go to see,
She takes me in the parlor and serves me cake and tea,
And oft times have I sat till it was very late,
A-whispering my love stories to Mulcahy's sister Kate.

MICHAEL JAMES.

I'm as happy as can be,
Faith, there is merriment in me,
And I'll try and tell you every one;
When I came home from work this morn,
I found I was the father of a son.
Ten years we've been married this very day,
And we never had a chick or a child;
The thoughts of this gives me such joy,
Take me word for it, I think I'm going wild.

Chorus—

For he has a puggy little nose,
And there's dimples in his toes,
And we're going to give a party and a ball;
And we'll name him Michael James,
Put his picture in a frame,
And we'll hang it in the parlor on the wall.

When a man he grows you'll see,
A president he'll be,
I would never let him run for Alderman;
I'll buy a horse and dray,
And we'll drive it every day,
You would never find his equal in the land.
He'll not be a fool, for we'll send him off to school,
Where they'll teach him how to row and play ball,
And when he gets some money
We'll have his picture taken,
And we'll hang it in the parlor on the wall.

MULCAHY'S HOME AGAIN.

I come with news tonight, me boys, just listen for a while,
Me song will bring delight, me boys, for it makes me grin and
smile;

You have heard about that famous man that left us all in pain,
Sure he is back at last all safe and sound, Mulcahy's home again.

Chorus—

For he's big and stout and walks about in a dress both nate
and clane,

Says I with glee, "Oh, can this be, Mulcahy's home again?"

I met him down on Chambers street a week ago today,
And when he shook me by the hand I thought I'd faint away;
He is big and stout and he walks about in a dress both nate
and clane,

Says I with glee, "Oh, can this be, Mulcahy's home again?"

He talks no more of politics, he says he has had enough,
To stand their capers and their tricks one must be bold and
tough;

He may have been in foreign climes, in Jersey or in Spain,
But what care I where'er he's roamed when he is safe at home
again.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

I'm dreaming now of Hallie,

Sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie,

I'm dreaming now of Hallie,

For the thought of her is one that never dies;

She's sleeping in the valley,

The valley, the valley,

She's sleeping in the valley,

And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Chorus—

Listen to the mocking bird,

Listen to the mocking bird,

The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;

Listen to the mocking bird,

Listen to the mocking bird,

Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah, well I yet remember,

Remember, remember,

Ah, well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side;
'Twas in the mild September,
September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

When the charms of spring awaken,
Awaken, awaken,
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken,
Forsaken, forsaken,
I feel like one forsaken,
Since my Hallie is no longer with me now.

SEEING NELLIE HOME.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Refrain—

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Resting light as ocean foam,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have liv'd and grown,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Come back to Erin Mavourneen, Mavourneen,

Come back again to the land of thy birth,
 Come with the shamrocks and spring time, Mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney will ring with our mirth;
 Sure, when we lent you to beautiful England,
 Little we thought of the long winter days,
 Little we thought of the hush of the star shine,
 Over the mountains the brush and the braes.

Refrain—

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
 Come back again to the land of thy birth,
 Come with the shamrocks and spring time, Mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney will ring with our mirth.

Over the green seas, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
 Long shone the white sails that bore thee away,
 Riding the white waves that bright summer morning,
 Just like a may flower afloat on the bay.
 Oh, how my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 Like a gray mist, the rain falling down,
 Hid from my sad eye the path o'er the ocean,
 Far, far away where my Coleen hath flown.

Oh, may the angels, awakin' or sleepin',
 Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
 And it's my prayers will consign to their keepin',
 Care o' my jewel by night and by day.
 When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
 Then all my thoughts fly to England and thee,
 Wondering if my Coleen ever remembers,
 Of if ever her thoughts are returning to me.

DENNIS MCGONAGLE'S DAUGHTER MARY ANN.

I am a dacent Irishman, I've a daughter Mary Ann,
 And I try to dress her in the finest style;
 She has dresses silk and satin, she can paralyze French and
 Latin,
 And you bet she is so fresh she'll never spoil.
 When she goes out on the street every bummer that she meets,
 Oh, she tries to make a mash on him if she can,
 And everywhere she goes, you can tell by her turned-up nose,
 That she is Dennis McGonagle's daughter, Mary Ann.

Chorus—

She's a darling, she's a daisy, and she nearly has me crazy,

With a hand and foot upon her like a man;
And everywwhere she goes you can tell by her turned-up nose,
That she's Dennis McGonagle's daughter, Mary Ann.

I came home the other night, sure the girl was not in sight,
She left word that she was going to a ball,
Down to a bowery dance, there for to sing and prance,
That was given by all the bums in bowery hall.
Oh, the gang it was run in, and, faith, it was no sin,
They arrested every woman and every man;
But they had to let her go just as soon as she could show
That she was Dennis McGonagle's daughter, Mary Ann.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I am sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago, when first you were my
bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green and the lark sang loud
on high,
And the red was on your cheeks, Mary, and the love light in
your eye.

It's but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands
near,
The church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here;
But the church yard lies between, love, and my feet might break
your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep with your baby on
your breast.

I am very lonely now, Mary, for the poor makes no new friends,
But, oh, we love them better far, the few our Father sends;
But you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride,
There is little left to care for now since my poor Mary died.

I am bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I am going to;
They say there's bread and work for all and the sun shines
ever there,

But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it twenty times as fair.

And oft times in those grand old woods I'll sit and close my
eyes,

And my thoughts will travel back again to the grave where
Mary lies;

And I'll think I see the little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and bright May morn when first you
were my bride.

I WAS BORN IN KILLARNEY.

I was born in Killarney when I was very young,
And that's the very reason why the blarney is on my tongue;
Oh, the night was dark and stormy and the rain came falling
down,

And the midwife, Judy Carney, lived a long ways out of town.
When me father took the donkey out and straddled on his back,
With old Judy on behind him he very soon came back;
That I was the purtiest baby all the neighbors did allow,
The girls would hug and kiss me then, why don't they do it now?

And then I was as fine a boy, me likes you ne'er could find,
My hair was black and glossy and hung down in curls behind;
It was then the girls would pick me up and toss me like a ball,
I wouldn't let them do it now for fear they'd let me fall.

And when the summer time would come and bathing did beg'in,
Oh, the girls would put on bathing suits and swimming they'd
go in;

They would swim with me upon their backs and bathe my little
brow,

I was their little darling then, why don't they do it now?

And when I came to cut my teeth I used to cry all day,
'Twas then the girls would pity me, sure I often heard them say,
"Oh, bless his darling little gums, dear me, how they must ache,"
I would look up in their face and laugh, because I couldn't
spake.

They would feed me on the bottle, my poor mother died one day,
They would ram it down my throttle and I'd suck and suck
away,

They would rock me in the cradle and if I'd kick up a row,
They would take me in to sleep with them, but they never do
it now.

LONG SHOREMEN'S STRIKE

I am a dacent laboring man that works along the shore,
To keep the hungry wolf away from the poor long shoreman's
door;

I work all day in the broiling sun on ships that come from sea,
From broad daylight till late at night for the poor man's family.

Chorus—

They give us good pay for every day,
That is all we'll ask of ye,

Our cause is right, we are out upon a strike
For the poor man's family.

The rich man's gilded carriages with horses swift and strong,
If a poor man asks for a bite to eat they'll tell him he is wrong;
"Go take your shovel in your hand and come out and work
for me,"

But die or live they have nothing to give to the poor man's
family.

They bring over their Italians and Nagurs from the South,
Thinking they can do the work, take the bread from out our
mouth;

The poor man's children they must starve, but to this we'll not
agree,

To be put down like a worm in the ground and starve our fam-
ilies.

MULCAHEY'S GONE AWAY.

The hero of my humble song was once a mighty man,
A shining light in his neighborhood, the chief of all his clan,
But when he found in course of time the tricks his friends
did play,

Sure, he left them all and now they cry, "Mulcahey's gone
away."

Chorus—

He was great and grand and he took command
Of the boys on St. Patrick's day,

But now the cry is everywhere,

"Mulcahey's gone away."

He was the greatest politician that ever filled a chair,
But he lost his great position and it drove him to despair;
We know not where to look for him, he must have crossed the
"sae,"

It grieves us just to think of it, Mulcahey's gone away.

The girls went crazy when he winked, and many an artful plan
They put in operation to catch this darling man,
But now they are left alone, poor things, and they weep and
wail and say,

"Oh, what will we do at all, at all, Mulcahey's gone away."

THE MAID OF THE LOGAN BOUGH.

Come, all you lads and lassies, come listen to me now,

It's all about a nice young man I solemnly do vow,
It's all about a nice young man I solemnly do vow,
Who would toil both late and early for the maid of the Logan
Bough.

Says he, "My pretty fair maid, you are the only one,
If I could gain your favor from your side I ne'er would roam."
She says, "Young men they are so changeable, I am unpre-
pared just now,
So I'll tarry another season at the foot of the Logan Bough."

Says he, "My pretty fair maid, oh, how can you say so,
Look down in yonder valley where my crops do gently grow,
Look down in yonder valley at my horses and my plow,
And they are at their daily labor for the maid of the Logan
Bough."

"If they are at their daily labor I'm sure it's not for me,
For I've heard of your behavior and I mean to tell to thee,
There is an inn where you call in, I hear the people say,
That you rap and call and pay for all and go home at the break
of day."

"If I rap and call and pay for all, the money is my own,
For I spend none of your fortune, dear, I hear that you have
none;
You thought I'd be alarmed at the meeting of you now,
But I'll leave you where I found you at the foot of the Logan
Bough."

So fill your glasses to the brim and let the toast go 'round,
We'll drink success to all the boys that plow and sow the ground,
We'll drink success to all the boys, no matter what they say,
And we'll rap and call and pay for all and go home at break
of day!

I LOVE MY SAILOR BOY.

Abroad as I rambled one morning in May,
So carelessly I wandered down Liverpool's streets so gay,
I overheard a fair maid and this was all her cry,
"And let my friends say what they will, I love my sailor boy."

"For he is constant and true hearted, he's proper, tall and trim,
No country clown or squire's son could ever equal him;
He is crossing the wide ocean now where the tempests loud do
roar,
My blessings they attend him, he's the lad I do adore."

Then up spoke her mother, those words to her did say,
 "You are but a young and foolish girl, take counsel now, I pray,
 Forsake your tarry sailor, he'll rove from shore to shore,
 Leave his sweetheart broken hearted, have wives on every shore.
 "Then wed a steady farmer's son that whistles at the plow,
 And then you will have time enough to mind both sheep and
 cows,
 But your sailor he'll carouse and drink whenever he comes on
 shore,
 And when his money is spent and gone he'll sail the seas for
 more."
 "A fig for all your farmer sons, such lovers I disdain,
 There is not one among them dare face the raging main,
 And when the winds are howling and the billows are white as
 snow,
 I'll venture my life with the lad that dare go where the stormy
 winds do blow."

FAIR FANNY MOOR.

It is down by yonder cottage all desolate and forlorn,
 Where the walks they are surrounded and by green overgrown;
 Step in and you will see it in dark stains on the floor,
 Alas, it is the blood of the Fair Fanny Moor.

It is of two young lovers, to Fanny they came,
 They courted and adored her; enraptured were they;
 The first was young Reynolds of higher degree,
 He courted and adored her, enraptured was he,
 But his wealth and his riches had no power to allure,
 The love burning bosom of the fair Fanny Moor.

The next was young Rogers of lower degree,
 He courted and adored her, enraptured was he;
 He led up to the altar, made firm and secure,
 The life and the love of the fair Fanny Moor.

As Fanny was sitting in her cottage one day,
 Some business having called her fond husband away,
 Young Reynolds, the haughty, steps in on the floor,
 And he clasped in his arms the fair Fanny Moor.

"Now, Fanny, dear Fanny, be resigned to your fate,
 Incline to my wishes before you are too late,
 For there is one thing or the other I am determined to secure,
 That's the life or the love of the fair Fanny Moor."

"Oh,, spare me, Oh, spare me!" young Fanny she cried,
"Oh, spare me, oh, spare me, I am not prepared to die."
But he paid no heed to her dying request,
And he buried his knife in the fair Fanny's breast.

Young Reynolds all blood stained was taken and tried,
Young Fanny all blooming in beauty she died;
Young Reynolds was hung on the tree by the door,
For taking the life of the fair Fanny Moor.

KATIE O'DONAHUE.

Oh, me name it is McGuire and I'll quickly tell to you,
A pretty girl I admire named Katie O'Donahue;
She's rosy, fat and hearty, now mind me what I say,
And every night when I go to her house the ould woman will
joyfully say,

"Paddy, git up from the fire and give that man a sate,
Don't you see it's Mr. McGuire, that's courtin' your sister Kate,
You know right well he has a farm a little ways out of town,
So git up out of that, you impudent brat, and let Mr. McGuire
sit down."

The first time that I met this girl she was dancing the Tra-la-le,
And though I was a stranger then she grew very fond of me;
She "axed" me if I would see her home and with her take
some "tay,"
And the very moment we got in the house the ould woman did
joyfully say,

"Paddy, git up from the fire and give that man a sate,
Don't you see it's Mr. McGuire, that's courtin' your sister Kate,
You know right well he has a farm a little ways out of town,
So git up out of that, you impudent brat, and let Mr. McGuire
sit down."

THE GIRL I LOVED IN SUNNY TENNESSEE.

On a morning bright and clear,
To my old home I drew near,
Just a village down in sunny Tennessee;
I was speeding on a train
That would take me back again,
To my sweetheart who was waiting there for me.

It had been but few short years
Since I'd kissed away her tears,
And I left her at my dear old mother's side,
And each day we've been apart,
She's grown dearer to my heart,
Than the night I asked of her to be my bride.

Refrain—

You could hear the darkies singing,
As she said farewell to me,
Far across the fields of cotton
My old homestead I could see;
When the moon rose in its glory,
Then I told life's sweetest story
To the girl I loved in sunny Tennessee.

When the train drew up at last,
Old familiar scenes I passed,
And I kissed my mother at the station door,
And when old friends gathered 'round,
Tears on every cheek I found,
And I missed the one that I'd been longing for.
As I whispered, "Mother, dear,
Where is Mary?" She's not here,"
Then this world seemed lost and sadness came to me,
For she pointed to a spot
In the churchyard's little lot,
Where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee.

SHANTY MAN'S LIFE.

A shanty man's life is a wearisome one,
Although some say it's free from care,
It's the swinging of an axe from morning till night,
In the forest wild and drear,

Or sleeping in the shanties dreary
When the winter winds do blow,
But as soon as the morning star does appear,
To the wild woods we must go.

At four o'clock in the morning our old greasy cook calls out,
"Hurrah, boys, for it's day,"
And from broken slumber we are aroused,
For to pass away the long winter's day.

Transported as we are from the maiden so fair,

To the banks of some lonely stream,
Where the wolf, bear and owl with their terrifying howl,
Disturb our nightly dreams.

Transported from the glass and the smiling little lass,
Our life is long and drear;
No friend in sorrow nigh for to check the rising sigh,
Or to wipe away the briny tear.

Had we ale, wine or beer our spirits for to cheer,
While we're in those woods so wild,
Or a glass of whiskey shone while we are in the woods alone,
For to pass away our long exile.

When spring it does come in double hardship then begins,
For the water is piercing cold;
Dripping wet will be our clothes and our limbs they are half
froze,
And our pike poles we scarce can hold.

O'er rocks, shoals and sands give employment to old hands,
And our well bended raft we do steer,
Oh, the rapids that we run, they seem to us but fun,
We're the boys of all slavish care.

Shantying I'll give o'er when I'm landed safe on shore,
And I'll lead a different life,
No longer will I roam, but contented stay at home,
With a pretty little smiling wife.

THERE'S A GIRL IN THE HEART OF MARYLAND.

In a quaint, old-fashioned garden in a quaint, old-fashioned
town,
'Mid roses pink and white and red there blooms the rose I
mean to wed;
Where the old Patomac's flowing, that is where I long to be,
And tomorrow I am going to the girl who waits for me.

Chorus—

There's a girl in the heart of Maryland, with a heart that
belongs to me,
As I told her of my love the oriole above sang from the old
apple tree.
Then Maryland was fairyland, for she promised my bride
she'd be,
There's a girl in the heart of Maryland with a heart that
belongs to me.

Set the village church bells ringing, tell the organist to learn
That melody of Mendelssohn they play when they make two
folks one,
'Cause tomorrow we'll be married—oh, there's one thing I
forgot—
Have the parson ready waiting at the church to tie the knot.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET.

On the old farmhouse veranda there sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Said he, "Dearie, don't be weary, you were always light and
cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, "They're tears of gladness, Silas, they're not tears
of sadness,
It is fifty years today since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened, and his stern old
heart it lightened,
As he turned to her and said:

Chorus—

"Put on your old gray bonnet with the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And through the fields of clover we'll drive up to Dover,
On our golden wedding day."

It was the same old bonnet with the same blue ribbon on it,
In the old shay by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover thro' the same old fields of
clover,
To become his happy bride;
The birds were sweetly singing and the same old bells were
ringing,
As they passed the quaint old church where they were wed,
And that night when stars were gleamin' the old couple lay
a-dreamin',
Dreaming of the words he said.

WHEN McGUINNESS GETS A JOB.

Last winter was a hard one, Mrs. Riley, did you say
Faith, myself it is that knows it for many a long day;
Your old man wasn't the only one that sat behind the wall,

There was my old man McGuiness didn't get a job at all.
The contractors they promised him work on the boulevard,
To handle the pick and shovel and throw dirt on the car;
Six weeks ago they promised him that work he'd surely get,
But believe me, my good woman, they're promising him yet.

Chorus—

Then cheer up, Mrs. Riley, don't give way to the blues,
You and I will cut a shine with bonnets and new shoes,
And as for me I have done a-sighing, no more I'll cry or sob,
But I'll wait till times get better and McGuiness gets a job.

The Italians, devil take them, why don't they stay at home?
Sure, we have enough of our own sort to eat up all our own;
They come like bees in summer and in winter they go away,
The contractors hire hundreds for sixty cents a day;
They work upon the railroad, they shovel dirt and slush,
But there is one thing in their favor, Italians never lush;
They always bring their money home, they drink no beer or
wine,

And that's something I would like to say about your old man
and mine.

The spring time is coming and soon we'll all get work,
McGuiness will go back to his trade, sure he's a handsome clerk;
You should see him climb the ladder, as nimble as a fox,
Faith, he's the boy that can juggle the old three-cornered box;
The boss he's always bawling, "Hi there, don't you stop,
Keep your eyes upward, don't let no mortar drop."
My old man is very careful, nothing he e'er lets fall,
And damn the word you'd hear him say to my old man at all.

FAREWELL TO CALEDONIA.

My name is Willie Rayburn, in Glasgow I was born,
The place of my residence I was forced to leave in scorn;
From home and habitation was forced to gang awa',
So fare-you-well, you hills and dales of Caledonia.

The crime that I was taken for was robbery and fraud,
I lay the blame on nae one upon this earthly sod;
I lay the blame on nae one, but comrades I had twa,
So fare-you-well, the hills and dales of Caledonia.

It was early the next morning before the break of day,
Our turnkey came to us, those words to us did say,
"Rise up, you pitiful convicts, I warn you one and a',
This day you leave the hills and dales of Caledonia."

Then I arose, put on my clothes, my heart was filled with grief,
My friends they gathered around me, but could grant me no relief;

They bound me down in irons for fear I'd run awa',
So fare-you-well, you hills and dales of Caledonia.

Here is to my old father, he is one of the best of men,
And also to my own true love, Catharina is her name,
No more we will roam by Cylde's green banks or by the
brim awa',

This day I leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.

Goodbye to my old mother, I am sorry for what I have done,
I hope it ne'er will be cast to her the race that I have run;
I hope the Lord will protect her when I am far awa',
So fare-you-well, you hills and dales of Caledonia.

BABIES ON OUR BLOCK.

If you long for information or in need of merriment,
Come over with me socially to Murphy's tenement,
For he owns a row of houses in the Fourth ward near the dock,
Where Ireland is represented by the babies on our block.

Chorus—

There's the Whalens and the Phalens from sweet Dondohertye,
A-sitting on the railing with their babies on their knee,
All gossiping and talking with children by the flock,
Singing "Little Sally Waters" to the babies on our block.

On a warm day in summer when the breeze comes off the sea,
Five hundred little children lie on the battery,
They come from Murphy's building and their noise would stop
a clock,

Singing "Little Sally Waters" to the babies on our block.

Chorus—

There's the Nolans and the Dolans from the Black Water Side,
All sitting on the battery a-gazing at the tide,
All neighborly and friendly, with relations by the flock,
Singing, "Little Sally Waters" to the babies on our block.

"Good morning to you, landlord," you'll hear them all to say,
As Patrick Murphy, Esquire, comes down the alleyway,
With his shining silk and beaver he's as solid as a rock,
The envy of all the neighboring boys a-living in the block.

Chorus—

There's the Shannons and the Brannans, Fardowns and Con-naught men,

So aisy with the shovel and handy with the pen,
All royal blood and noble of the Dan O'Connell stock,
Singing, "Little Sally Waters" to the babies on our block.

"Little Sally Waters sitting in the sun,
Sighing, crying for a young man;
Rise, Sally, rise—wipe your eyes out with your frock,"
Is sung by all the babies a-living in our block.

O'BRIEN WITH HIS HIGH-WATER PANTS.

My name is O'Brien from Harlem,
I am an Irishman as you may see;
I can sing like a thrush or a starling,
Of the little bird up in a tree.
But the gang standing there on the corner,
They are trying the steps and the dance,
And they cry out whenever I'm passing,
"There is O'Brien with his high-water pants."

Chorus—

They tell me go over to England,
And pay a short visit to France,
And there to bring out me new fashion,
And call them the high-water pants.

Last night sure I went to the theater,
Along with my first cousin Dan;
We hired a sate in the parka,
Behind the big man in the band;
When a nager came out with a banjo,
He played up a Highland clog dance,
And he gave out a gag and conundrum
About O'Brien and his high-water pants.

Last week I walked down on the bowery,
Along with me friend, Paddy Brock,
We just dropped into Geoghan's,
To git a drink of his rye and rock,
When the gang all cried, "There's Dan O'Leary,"
The bartender shot me a glance,
"Howld your tongue then," says he to the loafers,
That's O'Brien with his high-water pants."

McCARTY'S WIDOW.

It's just a year ago today I took to me a wife,
And ever since she's proved to be the burden of my life;
She is the widow of McCarty, McCarty was her name,
And for changing it to Riley, sure's myself I am to blame.
She spakes about McCarty and his virtues every day,
And wishes I'd keep sober and be like him every way;
She'd bate him with the broomstick every time the baby cried,
And made him rock the cradle until from cruelty he died.

Chorus—

She'd lick him, she'd kick him, she'd never let him be,
She'd lash him, she'd smash him, until he couldn't see;
But McCarty wasn't hearty, now she's got a different party,
She might have licked McCarty, but she can't lick me.

I am going down to Grady's now on purpose to get tight,
And when I do come home again there's going to be a fight;
I'll break up all the furniture before I do get through,
Upset the stove when I go in, it's the first thing that I'll do;
And then there is a difference 'twixt two men she will see,
I'll show her then who is the best, McCarty then or me,
And perhaps she will behave herself and learn to shut her mouth,
For if she puts me into jail she'll have to get me out.

Chorus—

For I'll lick her, I'll kick her, I'll never let her be,
I'll lash her, I'll smash her, until she cannot see;
But McCarty wasn't hearty, now she has got a different party,
She might have licked McCarty, but she can't lick me.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

I wandered today to the hills, Maggie,
To watch the scenes below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to so long ago.
The green grass has gone from the hills, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus—

But now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life are nearly done;

Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.
A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest;
It was built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And joined in a song that we had sung,
But we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble and old, Maggie,
My step is less sprightly than then,
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
But now we are feeble and gray, Maggie,
Like spray from the wild breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as the day, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

SWEET SILVER LIGHT OF THE MOON.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
To muse on the beauties of June,
Beneath the jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.

Refrain—

Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler on his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune,
But it's never, never more with my true love I'll stray,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

Like the hart on the mountain my lover he was brave,
He was handsome and manly to view;
He was kind and sincere and he loved me most dear,
Oh, Edward, no love was more true.

But now he is dead and the youth once so gay,
Is cut down like a rose in full bloom,
And he silently sleeps while I am thus left to weep,
By the sweet silver light of the moon.

But his grave I'll seek out and till morning appears
I will weep for my lover so brave;
I'll embrace the cold earth and bedew with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

VANDIEMENS LAND.

Come, all you lads of pleasure and rambling boys beware,
Whenever you go hunting with your hounds, your gun and
snare,

Whenever you go a-hunting with the vallies at your command,
Think of the tedious journey, boys, going to Vandiemens Land.

There was Joe Brown from Nottingham, Jack Williams and
Jack Jones,

They were three as jolly fellows, so well their country knows;
They were taken one night near the bay, all with their gun in
hand,

And for fourteen years transported unto Vandiemens Land.

There was a girl from Nottingham, Sally Simons was her name,
For seven years transported for carrying on the game;
Our Captain bought her freedom and he married her off hand,
She gave us good usage going to Vandiemens Land.

The landing port we went to was on a foreign shore,
The planters they surrounded us, full a score or more,
They yoked us up like horses and sold us out off hand,
And they hitched us to the plow, me boys, to plow Vandiemens
Land.

The houses that they built for us was made of sods and clay,
The beds we had to sleep on were made of rotten hay;
Oh, rotten hay for beds, me boys, and slumber if you can,
Oh, they gave us the very worst usage while on Vandiemens
Land.

Last night as I lay down to sleep I had a pleasant dream,
I dreant I was back in Ireland, down by a purling stream,
With my Irish girl beside me and her at my command,
But when I awoke my heart was broke, off on Vandiemens Land.

ON BOARD THE VICTORY.

I am a noble lady, my fortune it is great,
My tongue is scarcely able my anguish to relate,
For the loving of a young man who proved so dear to me,
He is plowing the stormy ocean now on board the Victory.

I kept my true love's company for better than three years,
He swore and vowed he'd marry me, I know he was sincere,
But now, alas, from he he has gone, the Lord only knows how far,
He has been impressed in to serve the queen on board a man-
of war.

My father sent the press gang, they did my love surround,
And seven of those cowardly dogs he lay bleeding on the ground.
But he was overpowered, he fought right manfully,
But was forced to yield and quit the field, go on board the
Victory.

The reason why they slight my love is because that he is poor,
And oft times they have scorned him while passing by their
door;

But had he come of noble birth and I-of low degree,
They ne'er would send the lad I love on board the Victory.

Last night as I lay sleeping, a-taking of my rest,
The thoughts of my true lover disturbed my wounded breast;
I thought that I was enjoying my true love's company,
That I was with him all alone on board the Victory.

Now since I cannot gain him, the lad that I adore,
It will be my occupation, now and forevermore,
It is for his safe protection my daily prayers shall be,
All joy attend my own true love on board the Victory.

ELLA REE.

There is Ella Ree, so dear to me,
She's gone forevermore,
Her home was down in Tennessee
Before the cruel war.

Chorus—

Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn,
In the land where Ella lies.

Oh, why did I from day to day,
Keep sighing to be free,
And from my master run away,
And leave poor Ella Ree?

The summer moon will rise and fall,
The tune birds sing their lay,
And the 'possum and the coon will softly tread
O'er the grave of Ella Ree.

But now the cruel war is o'er,
And the colored folks are free,
And the good old times will come again,
Way down in Tennessee.

WHEN I DREAM OF OLD ERIN.

When the nightingale's singing its sweet melodies,
And the scent of the flowers perfumes the night breeze,
Then I dream of my old home far over the sea,
By the Lake of Killarney, where I long to be.
And I see you, it seems, waiting there on the shore,
Where together we stray'd in the sweet days of yore;
I am thinking tonight of my Colleen so true,
When I dream of Old Erin, I'm dreaming of you.

Refrain—

When I dream of Old Erin I'm dreaming of you,
With your sweet, roguish smile and your true eyes of blue;
For my love, like the shamrock, each day stronger grew,
When I dream of old Erin, I'm dreaming of you.

I can see the old cottage, just o'er the hill there,
'Tis those fond recollections bring happiness rare,
Sure, the lassie I love with a heart that is true,
She is waiting for someone, while someone waits, too:
And my love's growing stronger each day, more and more,
'Tis the same old love story that's told o'er and o'er;
So, Acushla my Colleen, it seems that you knew,
When I dream of Old Erin, I'm dreaming of you.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going 'round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin' the Wearin' o' the Green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he tuk me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she
stand?"

She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure, Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have
shed;

You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the
sod,

But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod;
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as
they grow,

And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not
show,

Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons in shame and sorrow from the dear old soil will part,
I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyant the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day;
Oh, Erin, must we lave you, driven by a tyrant's hand,
Must we seek a mother's welcome from a strange but happy
land!

Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom never shall be
seen,

And where, in peace, we'll live and die, a-wearing of the green.

JOE BOWERS.

My name it is Joe Bowers and I've got a brother Ike,
I came from old Missouri, yes, all the way from Pike,
And why I left that pretty place I'll tell you in my song,
And if you'll pay attention I'll not detain you long.

When I was there I courted a pretty fair maid, her name was
Sally Black,

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said it was a whack;
Said she to me, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life,
You want to get a little home for to keep your little wife."

"I'll do it, dearest Sally, I'll do it for your sake,
I'll go to California and I'll try to raise a stake."
Said she to me, "Joe Bowers, you are just the man to win,
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," and she hove a dozen in.

When I got to California I hadn't nary a red,
I had such wolfish feelings, I wished myself most dead;
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelings get,
And whispered hopes to Bowers, I wish I had them yet.

Then I commenced a-mining, put in my biggest licks,
Came down upon the boulders just like ten thousand bricks;
I worked both late and early through rain and ice and snow,
I was working for my Sally, but it was all the same to Joe.

One day I got a letter from my dear brother Ike,
It came from old Missouri and all the way from Pike;
In that letter came the darndest news that ever you did hear,
My heart is almost busting, so pray excuse the tears.

It said that Sal was false to me, her love for me had fled,
 She had got married to a butcher and the butcher had a red
 head;
 And more than that, the letter said—'twas enough to make me
 swear,
 That Sally had a baby and the baby had red hair.
 Now, I've told you all I can about this sad affair,
 About Sally having a baby and the baby having red hair,
 But whether it was a boy or gal child the letter never said,
 Only that Sally had a baby and the baby's head was red.

THE TOWN PASSAGE.

The Town Passage is large and spacious and situated upon
 the bay,
 It is nate and dacent and quiet, adjacent to the cove of Cork
 on a summer day;
 There you can slip in to take a dipping forninst the shipping
 that at anchor ride,
 Or in a wherry cross o'er the ferry to Caregoloe on the other
 side.
 Mud cabins swarm in this place so charming with sailors' gar-
 ments hung out to dry,
 And each abode is snug and commodious with pigs melodious
 in their straw-built sty;
 Oh, the pigs are sleek and well contented, their odor fragrant
 it scents the air,
 Oh, the beef and biskie, the pork and whisky, it would make
 you frisky if you were there.
 It's there the turf is and lots of Murphies; Dead Spratts and
 Herring and Oyster Shells,
 Nor any lack of good tobacco, but what is smuggled by far
 excels;
 It's there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter peeling praties
 forninst the dure,
 With me aunt Delaney and Bridget Haney, all blood relations
 to Lord Donoughmore.
 There is ships from Cadiz and from the Barbadoes, but the
 lading trade is in whiskey punch,
 Or you can go in to where one Molly Bowen kapes a nate hotel
 for a quiet lunch;
 But land or deck on you can safely reckon, whatever country
 that you came from,

On an invitation to a jollification by a parish priest called
Father Tom.

Of ships there is one fixed for lodging convicts, a floating stone
jug of amazing bulk,
And the hake and salmon playing at back Gamon swim for di-
version all around her hulk;
There English peelers keep brave repalers who soon with sail-
ors must anchor weigh,
From the Emerald Island ne'er to see dry land until they spy
land in Botany Bay.

BARNEY BRALLIGAN.

You have heard of Barney Bralligan, the purty Colleens' joy,
And if you want to know him, bedad, here stands the boy.
There is not a girl in Dublin Town but by me well is known,
And don't they seem to like me, though, for I've kissed the
blarney stone.

Chorus—

Who's for Donnybrook, I cry, swate spot to view the fair,
Oh, jump upon my jaunting car and I'll quickly drive you there.
And there is the lady of my heart, you'd drive both near and far
To find as graceful a colleen to deck a jaunting car;
It's married we will shortly be, now, boys, won't that be grand?
So here's success to Nora dear, and the boys of Ireland.

OLD MUD CABIN ON THE HILL.

Go sell the pig and cow, Aggrah,* to take you far away,
Your poor old parents you must leave behind;
Go seek your fortune, darling, in the land beyond the sea,
For in Paddy's land but poverty you'll find.
Those were the words my mother said when I left poor Paddy's
land,
And the sad farewell is in my memory still,
And old Ireland engravened on my heart, the spot where I
was born,
In the little old mud cabin on the hill.
I think I see the turf fire, it attracts my father's gaze,
And my poor old mother's knitting by his side,

The pipe is lit, the smoke ascends, he is thinking of the day
That took his darling boy across the tide.
No more I'll join the merry throng upon the earthen floor,
To the music of the bagpipes loud and shrill,
No more I'll see those good old days in dear old Paddy's land,
Or the little old mud cabin on the hill.

May God help the emigrant that leaves poor Paddy's land,
His friends to mourn his absence while he's gone;
He sails to dear America with heart both sick and sore,
For those he loves he braves the world alone.
But if God does spare my life to passage back again,
To bring my parents out, if living still,
But if not, please God, I'll meet them all in a better home,
Than the little old mud cabin on the hill.

THE BOUNTY JUMPER.

Soldiers, pay attention and I'll sing to you a song,
It is about a bounty jumper and I won't detain you long;
He was a bold, undaunted youth, James Downey was his name,
He was taken at Alexandria for the doing of the same.

He jumped it in Malone and he jumped it in New York,
He jumped it in old Ogdensburg, at least that was the talk;
He jumped it everywhere, my boys, along the Yankee shore.
He was taken on his last retreat from the city of Baltimore.

Downey he was taken and the judge to him did say,
"Where is that money, Downey, or where have you it put
away?"

"That money I have taken, it is out of your command,
And before I will surrender it you can shoot me and be
damned."

Poor Downey knelt on his coffin, boys, and unto us did say,
"Now, soldiers, do your duty and your officers obey;
Now, soldiers, do your duty, and it is all point at my heart,
For it is out from of this wide world, boys, we all have got
to part."

We dug poor Downey's grave, my boys, we dug it wide and deep,
We dug it in the valley where Downey had to sleep;
We dug it in the valley and we carried him along,
And every soldier dropped a tear for the bounty jumper is gone.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR THE IRISH.

I will tell a story that was told to me,
A good old story, Agra Machree,
When my mother was a-dying, alas, says she,
 Nothing's too good for the Irish."
When we came here, me and brother Dan,
I says to him, "We'll do the best we can,"
So they made him a "copper" and me an Alderman,
 Nothing is too good for the Irish.

When my brother Michael came here that fall,
He was a "dandy" between you and all,
Soon he got to be the leader at Tammany Hall,
 Nothing's too good for the Irish.
But Mike wouldn't work, oh, no, he wouldn't work,
Says he to me as he gave me a nudge;
"Just wait till election and you'll see me a judge,"
 Nothing is too good for the Irish.

Soon I got to be the father of a twelve-pound lad,
He has whiskers already and that's not bad,
He is going to be President some day, by dad,
 Nothing's too good for the Irish.
He sailed away with his blackthorn stick,
To marry the queen and make the British sick,
And try to free old Ireland like a good old Mick,
 Nothing's too good for the Irish.

Dutchmen were made for to carry coal in shovels,
Italians for organs and Englishmen to mash;
Chinese for washing, the Japs for a juggling show,
"Nagurs" for whitewashing, the Jews were made for cash.
Cubans for cigarettes, the Portuguese to sail the seas,
Scotchmen for bakers and Frenchmen for style,
Russians for mining, Americans for liberty.
But the men 'twas made for office was sons of Erin's
 Isle,

THEN HIP, HIP HURRAH! ERIN GO BRAGH,
NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR THE IRISH.

MULDOON, THE SOLID MAN.

I am a man of great influence and educated to a high degree,
I came when small from Donegal, in the Daniel Webster I
 crossed the sea;

In the Fourteenth ward I situated in a tenement house with
me brother Dan,
By perseverance I elevated and went to the front like a solid
man.

Chorus—

So come with me and I'll use you dacent,
I'll get you drunk and I'll fill your can;
As I walk the street each friend I meet
Says, "There goes Muldoon, he's a solid man."

To every party and every raffle I always go, an invited guest,
And as conspicuous as General Grant, boys, I wear a rosebud
upon my breast;
I'm called upon to address the meeting, without regard to clique
or clan,
I show the Constitution with elocution because, you know, I'm
a solid man.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT.

In the evening by the moonlight when the darkies' work was
over,
We would gather 'round the fire till the hoe cake it was
done;
After that we'd eat our supper and then we'd clear the kitchen,
'Twas the only time we used to get to have a little fun.
Uncle Gabe would take the fiddle down that hung upon the wall,
While the silvery stars were shining clear and bright;
How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and
listen
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

Chorus—

In the evening by the moonlight you could hear those darkies
singing,
In the evening by the moonlight you could hear those banjos
ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and
listen,
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.
In the evening by the moonlight when the watch dog would be
sleeping,
In the corner by the fireplace close by the old arm chair;

When Aunt Chloe used to sit and tell the pickaninnies stories,
And the cabin would be filled with merry-coons from near
and far.

Those happy days they all are gone, they'll never come again,
Everything was joyous, gay and bright;
But I never will forget it just as long as I remember,
How we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

SWEET MARY JANE.

My true love's name was Mary Jane,
She fairly did my heart inflame,
I'm sure there was not so fair a dame,
And search this wide world over.

Mary Jane and I we did agree
That married we would surely be,
As soon as I returned from sea,
We would seal that solemn bargain.

But when I did return again,
They had my sweet companion slain,
The pride and glory of the plane
Lay in her grave all mouldering.

I wish I'd never come on shore,
But stayed where foaming billows roar,
And sailed the seas all o'er and o'er,
Since parted from my jewel.

THE BANKS OF BOYNE.

I am a bonnie lassie and I love my laddie well,
My heart was always true to him for more than time can tell;
It was in my father's castle where he gained this heart of mine,
But he has left me here to wander on the lovely banks of Boyne.

His coal black hair in ringlets hung, his cheeks were like the rose,
His teeth were like the ivory white, his eyes were black as Sloes,
His countenance it was sincere, his speech was bold but kind,
But he has left me here to wander on the lovely banks of Boyne.

I understand my false young man to England sailed away,
I picked up all my jewels, all on that very day,
I left my aged parents, they now in sorrow pine,

I forsook my father's castle on the lovely banks of Boyne.

No more down by those purling streams that swiftly glide away,
Where me and my true lover for pleasure used to stray;
Come, all you pretty fair maids, mind how you spend your time,
Just think of the fate of Flora from the lovely banks of Boyne.

NORA McSHANE.

I left Balamonoth a long way behind me,
To better my fortune I crossed the deep sea,
But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
And, faith, I'm as wretched as wretched can be;
In truth, I think 'm near broken hearted,
To country and home I must return back again,
For I've never been happy at all since I parted
From sweet Balamonoth and Nora McShane.

I sigh for the turf fire so cheerfully burning,
Where barefooted I trudged it from toiling afar,
And tossed in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
And whistled the anthems of Erin go Bragh;
But now far away from my fireside I'm parted,
Away back in dear America over the main,
And may God speed the ship that is sailing tomorrow,
Back to dear old Erin and Nora McShane.

There is something so dear in the cot I was born in,
Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch,
How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
What pleasure in lifting that ould rusty latch;
It's true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow,
My pockets were light and my head had no pain,
But if I'm living when the sun shines tomorrow,
I'll go back to ould Erin and Nora McShane.

BANKS OF THE NILE.

Hark! hark! the drums are beating, my love, I must away,
I hear the bugle calling, I can no longer stay;
We are ordered out from Portsmouth for many a long mile,
To fight the Moors and Niggers on the banks of the Nile.

Oh, Willie dear, don't leave me here behind to weep and mourn,
So I may curse and rue the day that ever I was born,

For the parting from my sweetheart is like parting from my life,
So stay at home, dear Willie, and I will be your wife.

The Queen she calls for men, love, and I, for one, must go,
The Queen she calls for men, love, I dare not answer No;
We must away to face the foe while cannons roar the while,
To fight with Briton's heroes on the banks of the Nile.

Then I'll cut off my yellow hair and go along with you,
I will put on men's clothing and go see Egypt, too;
I will cherish and protect you through hardship and through
toil,

And we'll comfort one another on the Banks of the Nile.

Your waist it is too slender, love, your fingers are too small,
I am afraid you would not answer when on you I would call,
Your delicate constitution would last but a short while,
Among those sandy deserts on the Banks of the Nile.

Oh, cursed be the cruel war and the hour it first begun,
For it has robbed old Ireland of many a noble son;
It robs us of our sweethearts, protectors of the soil,
And their bodies feed the wild fowls on the Banks of the Nile.

But soon the war will be over and we'll all be coming home,
Unto our wives and sweethearts we left behind to mourn;
We will kiss them and embrace them with their little winning
smile,

And we never will return again to the Banks of the Nile.

JOHANNA SHAY.

In the Emerald Isle so far from here across the dark blue sea,
There lives a maid that I love dear and I know that she loves me,
With roguish eyes of Irish blue her cheeks like dawn of day,
Oh, the sunshine of my life she is, my own Johanna Shay.

Oh, Johanna is tall and lovely and like a lily fair,
She is the prettiest girl that can be found in the County of
Kildare,

And if I have good luck, me boys, I'll make her Mrs. O'Day,
For my bundle I'll pack and I'll sail right back to my own
Johanna Shay.

There's a bird in yonder garden singing from a willow tree,
That makes me think of Johanna when she used to sing to me;
When side by side o'er the mountains or by the lake we strolled,

And her cheeks would flush with an honest blush whenever a
kiss I stole;
Though the ocean rolls between us, if harm was in her way,
I would jump right in and boldly swim to my own Johanna
Shay.

I WILL TAKE YOU BACK AGAIN, KATHLEEN.

I will take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been,
Since first you were my bonnie bride;
The roses all have left your cheek,
I have watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad whene'er you speak,
And tears bedim your loving eye.

Refrain—

Oh, I will take you back again, Kathleen,
To where your heart will know no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I will take you to your home again.

I know you love me, Kathleen dear,
Your heart was ever fond and true,
I always feel when you are near
That earth holds nothing, dear, but you;
Where are the smiles you once gave me?
I seldom ever see them now,
And many, many times a day,
A dark'ning shadow clouds your brow.

To that dear land beyond the sea,
My Kathleen will again return,
And when thy old friends welcome thee,
Your loving heart will cease to mourn;
Where gently flows that purling stream,
Down by your mother's humble cot,
Where those brightest rays of sunbeams gleam,
Then all your trials will be forgot.

IN SAVANNAH.

'Neath the Southern skies there stands a humble cottage,
'Neath its roof sits a mother old and gray,

In the trees around the song birds are singing,
Their melody helps to while her hours away.
Though I've wandered far and wide, yet never
Have I forgotten her where'er I've roamed,
Don't weep, dear mother, for your boy is coming
Back to his home, sweet home.

Chorus—

In Savannah, sweet Savannah,
There's where the mocking bird
Is singing night and day,
In Savannah, sweet Savannah,
Home of my boyhood days.

Soon I'll be back in old Savannah,
Soon I'll be where sweet magnolias bloom,
Then my arms will soon entwine my gray-haired sweetheart,
Soon I'll banish her sorrow and gloom;
I love her for she bears the name of Mother,
And in my dreams I see her falling tears,
The song birds seem to know that she is grieving,
And sing for her in her declining years.

LONESOME HOURS OF WINTER.

Oh, the lonesome hours of winter provide both frost and snow,
Dark clouds around us gather, the stormy winds do blow;
You are the girl I have chosen to be my only dear,
But your scornful heart is frozen and fast locked up I fear.

I went one night to see my love, she proved most scornfully,
I asked her if she'd marry me to which she paid no heed;
The night being nearly passed and gone and near the break of
day,

I am waiting for my answer, my love, what do you say?

Since you must have an answer, I choose a single life,
I never thought it fitting to ever become your wife;
You may take that for an answer, for myself I will provide,
I have chosen another sweetheart and you I cast aside.

Since you are for a-changing the old one for the new,
Then I will go a-roving, I'll rove the country through,
Until I find some pretty fair maid so pleasing to my will,
Oh, this world is wide and lonesome, if one don't, why another
will.

I know you have great riches and more you'd like to gain,
You won my young affections which now you do disdain;
Your riches will not last you long, they'll melt away like snow,
And when poverty will press you, dear, you'll think of me,
I know.

Some folks do seek for pleasure, but I no pleasure find,
The little birds sing sweetly all around on every vine,
The little birds sing sweetly, so pleasing and divine,
And so would my joys be flowing tonight if Nancy was only
mine.

MOLLY BAWN.

Oh, Molly Bawn is my love's name, the same I'll ne'er deny,
She has two red and rosy cheeks, two dark and rolling eyes;
She is the primrose of this country, she is Venus, I declare,
And the brightest star that is in the land is Molly Bawn so fair.

For where my love goes she trips the rose and makes the valleys
ring,

And all the little small birds in my love's praises sing;
The cuckoo and the turtle dove, the nightingale also,
They seem to say, "Let us haste away to wait on Molly-O."

I wish I was in Ireland sitting on the green grass,
And in my hand a bottle and on my knee a lass;
We'd drink good liquor merrily and pay before we'd go.
I would roll you in my arms, Molly, let the winds blow high
or low.

LEAVING ERIN.

Farewell, Erin, I now must leave you for to cross the raging
main,
Where cruel strife may end my life and I'll ne'er see you again;
It will break my heart from you to part, Arrah Cushla Asthore
Machree,
But I must go full of grief and woe to the shores of America.

Chorus—

So now, farewell, I can no longer dwell in Ireland, Acushla
Machree,
For I must go full of grief and woe to the shores of America.

On Irish soil my parents dwelt since the time of Brien Boru,
They paid their rent and lived content, convenient to Killaloo
But the landlord cruel sent us ashule, my poor old mother and
me,

He banished us from home far away to roam to the wilds of
America.

No more at the churchyard, Asthore Machree, on my father's
grave can I kneel,

The rich man-knows but little of the woes that the poor man
has to feel;

When I look around on the little spot of ground where the
cabin used to be,

I may curse the laws that have gave me cause to depart for
America.

Where are the neighbors kind and true that were once our
country's pride?

No more they are seen at the fair on the green or dance on
the green hillside;

It is the stranger's cow that is grazing now where the poor man
used to be,

With notices they were served and turned out to starve or ban-
ished to America.

Oh, Erin Machree, must your children be exiled all over the
earth?

Must they think no more of you, dear land, as the spot that
gave them birth?

Must the Irish yield to the beast of the field, Arrah no, Cúshla
Asthore Machree,

They're coming back in ships with vengeance on their lips from
the shores of America.

THE BOY OF LOVE.

The boy of love without no fear like me some time ago,
Like a hero bold through frost and cold to see my love I'd go,
But the moon shone bright to give me light over the meadows
so gay,

Until I arrived at my true love's gate where all my fancy lay.

When I arrive at my true love's gate, my step being soft
and low,

She will arise and let me in, so softly I will go,
Saying, "Will you come to my father's house?" "No, dear,
but come to your own,

Come with me, love, to the Parson's and there we'll be made one."

"Oh, no, kind sir," said she, "Prudence would not agree."

"Well, then, sit down along by my side, for I must talk with thee.

For seven long years I have courted you against your parents' will,

I was always resolved you would be my bride, but now, pretty girl, farewell.

"My ship lies in the harbor all ready to set sail,
And if the wind is from the East we'll have a favoring gale;
Let the wind blow East or from the West, only to Columbia's shore,

And when I reach Columbia's shore it is often I will say,
'May the Lord above protect my love where all my fancy lay.' "

I COULDN'T STAY AWAY.

Away down in old Virginia where I was bred and born,
In that rosy, sunny country where we used to hoe the corn,
In childhood's happy moments my heart was light and gay,
Now I have come to see my birthplace, for I couldn't stay away.

Chorus—

For I couldn't and I wouldn't, no, I couldn't stay away from there,

I couldn't and I wouldn't, no, I couldn't stay away.

I once did love a fair one 'way down in Dixie's land,
And one day popped the question to offer heart and hand;
She says, "My heart has been won and from me you must stay."

But she was only fooling, and I couldn't stay away.

I have been both East and Westward and Southard far away
But from the old plantation I could no longer stay,
And all the happy faces that greets me here tonight
Does make me doubly happy and fills me with delight.

DOWN IN YONDER VALLEY.

Down in yonder valley there lives my heart's delight,
It's down in yonder valley I'll meet my love tonight,
For meeting is a pleasure between my love and I,

It's down in yonder valley I'll meet her bye and bye.

I met my love as she was going to church and straightway she
passed me by,

I knew her mind was changing by the rolling of her eye;
I knew her mind was changing to a lad of high degree,
And may he be hanged forever that parted my love and me.

I took a bottle from my pocket and I placed it in her hand,
Saying, "Mollie, drink of this, love, for our courtship is at
an end,"

Saying, "Drink from off the top, love, let the bottom remain
for me,

Five hundred pounds are wagered that married we'll never be."

"So farewell, Tipperary, and farewell to you, Trimore,
And farewell, lovely Mollie, your face I'll see no more;
America lies far away, it's a land I'm going to see,
And may he be hanged forever that parted Mollie and me."

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS.

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,
I always claim for my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney
Will never, never die.
It's the land of the shilalah,
My heart goes back there daily,
To the girl I left behind me
When we kissed and said good-bye.

Chorus—

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved shamrocks grow,
Where my heart is I am going
To my little Irish rose.
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colléen sweeter,
Where the river Shannon flows.

Sure, no letter I'll be mailing,
For soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me
To my dear old Erin's shore;
There I'll settle down forever,

I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,
"Come and take my name Asthore."

I'LL RETURN, MOTHER DARLING, TO YOU.

A mother was saying "good-bye" to her boy,
Who was ready to start for the war,
She cried as she said, "You're my pride and joy,
Are we parting for evermore?"
He whispered, "The war will be over some day,
Though I know that your heart will yearn;
Have cheer, mother dear, soon the spring will be here,
That's the time when I will return."

Chorus—

When the roses of springtime are blooming,
I'll return, mother darling, some day;
At the end of the winter of sadness,
Then I'll kiss all your tears away;
Just forget that your boy is a soldier,
To my country and home I'll be true;
When the birds sweetly sing, I'll return in the spring,
I'll return, mother darling, to you.

A mother was praying, alone, for her boy,
As she prayed since that day long ago;
She cried as she thought of the battlefield,
"Something's happened to him, I know."
The door of the cottage was opened at last,
Soon a voice cheered her weary heart;
Her boy cried with joy, "Days of sorrow are past,
Mother dear, we will never part."

SINCE TERRENCE JOINED THE GANG.

My name is Michael Slattery, and from Ireland I came,
And I've a son that a big blagguard, and Terrence that's his
name;
He wears a great big watch and chain and he calls it a Super
and a slang,
My heart is broke, God knows, it is since Terrence joined the
gang.

He comes rolling home in the morning, boys,
Gives the "dure" the divil's own bang,
Me heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terrence joined the gang.

When he came home last Sunday evening I talked to him so
very nice,
And he said, "Ould man, you are getting too fresh, and we'll
have to lay you out upon the ice,"
He told the ould woman to go chase herself and to lave off
giving him her slang,
Her heart is broke, God knows it is, since Terrence joined the
gang.

He'll stand upon the corners from morning until night,
And if the police they say, "Move on," he'll spit at them with
spite;
He went to the market only yesterday and there he stole a
big ham,
And he got six months in the penitentiary, along with the rest
of the gang.

TOSS THE TURK.

One evening lately I dressed up nately,
With Sunday clothes, plug hat and all,
And I started proudly while whistling loudly,
To Neal Brogan's raffle at Hibernia Hall;
While on the corner a gang of loafers,
I know they're loafers for they never work,
Says, "Boys, let us give the old Tad a racket,
We'll have a picnic and we'll toss the Turk."

Chorus—

Now, I'm not a fighter, nor yet a biter,
But when duty calls me I never shirk;
Understand me plainly, though I look ungainly,
They had no picnic when they tossed the Turk.

The big ring leader, a free lunch raider,
Says to me, "O'Brien, go paint your tile,
Put crepe around it, take an axe and pound it,"
And he thought it funny when the gang did smile;
'Twas then my dander rose like a gander,
For I heard one fellow say he'd flash a dirk,
So I tapped him lightly and surprised him quietly,

And they had no picnic when they tossed the Turk.

They gathered around me and tried to pound me,

But I put me back again 'a big brick wall,

Says I, "Now mind me, you can't get behind me,

Come up in front and I'll bate you all."

Then the gang did face me and tried to lace me,

But I showed them tricks I learned in Donegal;

Right and left I pounded, they were dumbfounded,

And at last for mercy they did loudly bawl.

MY CHARMING LASS FROM THE COUNTY MAYO.

The daughters of Erin are famed the world over

For wit and for beauty and charms of their own,

But there is one 'mong the land of the shamrock and clover,

Fair as the fair and is second to none.

She can not boast of wealth, of rank or of station,

That true hearted Colleen that loves me, I know,

But I could not love her more were she queen of a nation,

Instead of a lass from the County Mayo.

Chorus—

As pure as the dew drops that fall on the heather,

Her cheeks like the primrose with sunlight aglow;

Our hearts are linked together with love's silken tether,

She is my charming lass from the County Mayo.

The mold of her ankle a Duchess might covet,

Her waist fills with envy the great ladies all,

And her sweet, tempting mouth and the blue eyes above it,

The heart of a king on his throne might enthrall;

Not a lad in the county but would be a bit bolder,

For they worship the ground that she walks on, I know,

But she wears the gold token of love's ties that binds her,

She is my Irish lass from the County Mayo.

THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

Oh, my name is Larry Doolin, I'm a native of the sile,

If you want a day's diversion I can drive you out in style,

Me car is painted red and green and on the door a star,

And the pride of Dublin City is me Irish jaunting car.

Chorus—

So if you want to hire me, step in to Mickey Mars,
And inquire for Larry Doolin and his Irish jaunting car.

When the Queen she came to Ireland her health for to revive,
She axed her Lord Lieutenant to take her out to drive;
She said unto his Lordship before they'd traveled far,
How delightful is the joulting of an Irish jaunting car."

I'm hired by drinking men, by teetotalers and by me friends,
A carman has so much to do that duty never ends,
From morn to night he has to drive around both near and far,
And at night he counts his bunces on his Irish jaunting car.

NEVER GO BACK ON THE POOR.

In this world of sorrow, of toil and regret,
There are scenes I would gladly pass o'er,
But stern duty compels that each fact must be told,
So through life we may check them the more;
Is it right that a man who has well earned his pay,
On the pipes by the sweat of his brow,
Should wait like a beggar on green day by day,
Or else home in hunger to go?

Don't show any favor to friend or to foe,
The beggar or prince at your door;
If you always do right you will get your reward,
But never go back on the poor.

From the wild waste of waters there came a death cry,
As dashed on an iron bound shore,
A noble ship struck in the darkness of night,
And sank midst the tempest's loud roar;
The captain asleep and the men of their post,
With the coal and provision run short,
While the doomed ones they hoped for that bright Western land,
Which in sweet joyous dreams they had sought.

Can it be such neglect shall by us be forgot,
Or that money will triumph once more?
A good, willing hand, a stout branch and a rope,
For those who go back on the poor!

When the divers went down 'neath the wreck for to search
For the bodies that lay far below,
"It's nothing but a steerage," was oft the remark,
As a ghastly corpse came up to view;
As if only a steerage could shut out a soul,
Because poverty claimed him her own,

As if dollars and dimes was the source of all worth,
And the road to all good that is known,
But the white star must change her color aloft,
To blood red afloat and ashore,
Till the steamer Atlantic is forgotten by time,
With her cargo of unburied poor.

BANKS OF THE WABASH.

Around my Indiana homestead waves the cornfields,
In the distance looms the woodlands clear and cool,
Often times my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lesson in Nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete,
I long to see my mother in the doorway,
As she stood there years ago her boy to greet.

Chorus—

Oh, the moon shines fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new mown hay,
Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Many years have passed since I strolled by the river,
Arm and arm with sweetheart Mary by my side,
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,
It was there I asked of her to be my bride.
Many years have passed since I strolled through the church yard
She is sleeping there, my angel Mary dear,
I loved her but she thought I did not mean it,
Yet I'd give the world if she were only here.

I LEFT IRELAND AND MOTHER BECAUSE WE WERE POOR.

There is a dear spot in Ireland that I long for to see,
It is my own native birthplace, 'tis Heaven to me,
Where my poor widowed mother lives there all alone,
With my brothers and sisters, it was our own happy home.
We had not much money, but my poor mother dear
Placed a kiss on my brow, bade my heart be good cheer,
Though the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

Chorus—

Oh, my thoughts oft' go back to that dear little spot,

To my brothers and sisters, and the little thatched cot,
To my poor widowed mother, I'll ne'er see her more,
'Twas a shame, but I left her because we were poor.

Shall I ever forget on that bright, rosy morn,
When leaving old Ireland my poor heart did mourn,
And my poor widowed mother bade me be of good cheer,
Saying, "Good-bye, Dannie darling," "Good-bye, mother dear."
And my brothers and sisters took me by the hand,
Faith, my heart nearly broke when I left Ireland;
Though the shadow of poverty darkened our door,
I left Ireland and mother because we were poor.

Since leavin' old Ireland my poor mother died,
"God bless and protect him," were the last words she said,
And the ring my father gave her she sent it to me,
A jewel more precious than gold unto me.
My brothers and sisters, I wish they were here,
I will send for them soon and they will come, never fear;
I have a neat little cot on Columbia's shore,
Where we all can live happy although we are poor.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Come, all you sons of Britton, and Irish heroes, too,
And all that fought for freedom's cause that day at Waterloo,
Be of good courage, stout and bold, and I will promise you
That we'll plant victorious eagles on the planes of Waterloo.

About eight o'clock the earth did shock and this frightful fray
begun,
It lasted the whole day long till the setting of the sun;
No pen can write, no tongue can tell the horrors of that day,
They fought like men at Waterloo until they were betrayed.

It would fill your heart with pity if you seen those French-
men's wives,
Likewise their little children, with melancholy cries,
Saying, "Mamma, dearest Mamma, oh, this day we sure will rue,
When we come to see our Da Das slain at the battle of Water-
loo."

To see "Bony" like a bantam perched upon his car,
He appeared to be great Caesar or Mars, the god of war;
From a high platform where he stood he flapped his wings
and crew,
Till he dropped his wings through being betrayed at the battle
of Waterloo.

Oh, many a river have I crossed o'er through water and through mud,

And many a battle have I fought full ankle-deep in blood,
But Providence protected me in all I e'er went through,
Till it was my lot to be betrayed at the battle of Waterloo.

My curse attend you, Grouchy, you did the French betray,
You led the sons of Ireland far different from their way;
You were the cause of "Bony's" fall, alas he is no more,
For you took the gold that banished him to St. Helena's shore.

LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSETTE BAY.

I had a dear companion, but she's not with me now,
The lillies of the valley are waving o'er her brow,
And I am sad and lonely and weeping all the day,
For bright eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansette Bay.

Refrain—

Toll, toll the bell at early dawn of day,
For lovely little Nell so quickly passed away,
Toll, toll the bell so sad and mournfully,
For bright eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansette Bay.

I loved this little beauty, my boat it was her pride,
And with her close beside me what joy the foam to ride,
We laughed and talked so merry to see the waves go by,
Though louder blew the stormy winds and darker grew the sky.

One day from us she wandered and got into a boat,
The line was quickly loosened and with the tide did float;
The treacherous bark flew lightly before the mighty wind,
While home and friends and all so dear were many miles behind.

Next day her lifeless body was found upon the beach,
I stood and gazed upon it, bereft of sense and speech;
It's years since thus we parted, but yet I weep today
For bright eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansette Bay.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus—

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free,
So we sang the choros from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with soulful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Refrain—

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

SWEET REFRAIN.

A music hall was crowded in a village o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were flashing everywhere;
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the Sunny South were there.
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down on the Swanee River far away,
When an aged darkey sitting there in silence and alone,
He arose, and this is what they heard him say:

Refrain—

Sing again that sweet refrain, there is where the old folks stay,
It brings me back to slavery days before I was sold away;
Down on the Swanee River banks there is where I used to roam,
Now I'm old and gray and far away, far from the old folks
at home.

The minstrel sang the song again and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darkey sat with head bowed low;
And something in his heart awoke that slumbered there for
years,

It was a memory of his mother long ago.
The play it closed 'mid great applause, and when the curtain
fell,

The aged darkey tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer and the song he sang so well,
Thinking of the words that made him rise and say:

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

For what can it be they have driven
Their father so helpless and old,
Oh, God, may their crimes be forgiven,
To perish out here in the cold;
Oh, Heavens, I'm sad and I'm weary,
See the tears how they course down my cheek,
This world it is lonely and dreary,
My heart for relief vainly seeks.

Refrain—

For I'm old and I'm helpless and feeble,
And the days of my youth have gone by,
Now it's over the hills to the poor-house,
I wander alone there to die.

I've sat on that old doorstep yonder,
And held my dear babes on my knee;
No father was happier or fonder
Than I, of my little ones three;
The boys both so rosy and rugged,
And Lilly with prattle so sweet,
God knows how their father has loved them,
But they've driven him out in the street.

It is long years since my Mary was taken,
My dear old affectionate wife,
Since then I have been forlorn and forsaken;
And the light has died out from my life;
The boys grew to manhood—I gave them
A deed of the farm, aye, and more,
I gave them the house I was born in,
And now I'm turned out from its door.

NELLIE WAS A LADY.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I travel on the way,
All night the cotton-wood a-toting,
Sing for my true love all the day.

Chorus—

Nellie was a lady, last night she died,
Toll the bell for lovely Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,
Can't tote the cotton-wood no more;
Last night while Nellie was a-sleeping,
Death came a-knocking at the door.

Down in the meadow 'mong the clover,
Walk with my Nellie by my side;
Now all those happy days are over,
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.

LOCH-LOMOND.

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus—

Oh, ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love we'll never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdie sang, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the wae'ful mae cease frae their greeting.

SHE MAY HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.

While strolling along 'midst the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitterly cold.
I noticed a crowd that were laughing aloud,
At something they chanced to behold.
I stopped for to see what the object might be,
And there on a doorstep there lay
A woman in tears from the crowd's angry jeers,
And then I heard somebody say:

Refrain—

She may have seen better days,
When she was in her prime,
She may have seen better days
Once upon a time.
Though by the wayside she's fell,
She may yet mend her ways,
Some poor old mother is waiting for her
Who has seen better days.

If we could but tell how this poor creature fell,
Perhaps we'd not be so severe:
If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,
Perhaps for her we'd all shed a tear.
She was once someone's joy, cast aside like a toy,
Forsaken, abandoned, alone,

Each man standing by had a tear in his eye,
For some had daughters at home.

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME.

While strolling down the street one eve, alone on pleasure bent,
It was after business worries of the day,
I saw a girl who shrank from me in whom I recognized
My schoolmate in a village far away.
"Is that you, Madge?" I said to her; she quickly turned away,
"Don't turn away, Madge, I am still your friend;
Next week I'm going back to see the old folks and I thought,
Perhaps some message you would like to send.

Chorus—

Just tell them that you saw me, she said, they'll know the rest,
Just tell them I was looking well, you know;
Just whisper if you get a chance to mother dear and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago.

Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin, come tell me, were
you ill?

When last we met your eyes shone clear and bright;
Come home with me when I go, Madge, the change will do
you good,

Your mother wonders where you are tonight.
"I long to see them all again, but not just yet," she said;
"It's pride alone that's keeping me away;
Just tell them not to worry, for I'm all right, don't you know,
Tell mother I am coming home some day."

THE ROVING IRISHMAN.

I am a roving Irishman that roves from town to town,
I lately took a notion to view some foreign ground,
So with my knapsack on my shoulder and shillala in my hand,
I sailed away to America to view that happy land.

When I landed in Philadelphia the girls all laughed with joy,
Says one unto another, "There comes a roving boy."
One treated to a bottle and another to a dram,
And the toast went 'round so merrily, "Success to the Irish-
man."

The very first night at the house where I was going to stay,
The landlady's daughter grew very fond of me;
She kissed me and she hugged me and she took me by the hand,
And she whispers to her mother, "How I love this Irishman."

It was early next morning when I was going away,
The landlady's daughter those words to me did say,
"How can you be so cruel or prove so very unkind,
As to go away a-roving and leave me here behind?"

Oh, I am bound for Wisconsin, that's right among the Dutch,
And as for conversation it won't be very much,
But by signs and by signals I'll make them understand
That the spirits of good nature lies in this Irishman.

Now it's time to leave off roving and take myself a wife,
And for to live happy the remainder of my life;
Oh, I'll hug her and I'll kiss her, oh, I'll do the best I can
For to make her bless the day that she wed with this Irishman.

I TOLD THEM THAT I SAW YOU.

You all have heard the story of the girl that ran away,
And how she met her schoolmate among the city's throng one
day;

Just tell the folks you saw me—that was all the maiden said,
One day she got a letter from her schoolmate and it read:

Refrain—

I told them that I saw you, they want you to come home,
Their hearts are breaking for you while far away you roam;
You know they're getting old, Madge, from them you soon
must part,
So come home, Madge, before you break your poor old mother's
heart.

Then came thoughts of her childhood to this fair one, wild
and gay,
She seemed to see her mother in her home so far away..
She thought of her happy childhood and the life she might
have led,
And gazing on the letter those words once more she read:

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,

Dere's whar my heart is turning ever,
Dere's who' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Refrain—

All de world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brofher,
Happy was I,
Oh, take me back to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove;
When will I see de bees a-humming
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus—

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

THE SHREW WIFE.

Kind folks, if you'll listen a story I'll tell,
It is of a misfortune that has me befell,
I married a jade and her name it is Nell,
And she's all the time scolding and brawling.

Twenty pounds of a pension I draw every year,
Which caused her to drink both whiskey and beer,
Her voice like a cannon would sound in my ear,
Before the daylight in the morning.

To kindle the fire, that is me first job,
And if I don't do it, it's a slap in the gob,
A kick or a cuff or a rap on the nob,
I'm sure for to get from me darling.

Before I go to the barn I must lave the tay kettle to bile,
And when I come in I must nurse a young child,
I wish I'd been kilt on the banks of the Nile
Before I ever met me darling.

Without a sign of a shoe or a sock to me feet,
Me bed it is left without blanket or sheet,
I'm a show to the world when I go on the street,
While she to the neighbors is galivanting.

It is now my wife's beauty I mean to disclose,
She's dirty, she's ragged, with a dam crooked nose,
She's a disgrace to all women wherever she goes,
With her tatters and rags a-hanging.

She has hair on her lip like a wandering Jew,
Damn the tooth in her head that is sound, only two,
Not a stitch on her back, aither red, white or blue,
That ever was wet with a washing.

I have traveled through France, through England and Spain
All through the East Indies and back home again,
At Waterloo battles I suffered great pain,
But I never met with the likes of me darling.

DUBLIN BAY.

There sailed away in a gallant bark Roy Neal and his fair young bride,
They had ventured all in that bounding ark that sailed o'er the silvery tide;
But their hearts were young and their spirits light and they dashed the tears away,
And they watched the shore recede from sight of their own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sailed when a storm arose and lightning flashed the deep,
And the thunder's crash broke the short repose of the weary sea boys asleep;
Roy Neal he clasped his weeping bride and kissed her tears away;
"Oh, love, 'twas a fatal hour," she cried, "when we left Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of that doomed ship some stood in mute despair,
And some more calm with a holy lip sought the God of the storm in prayer;
"She has struck on a rock," the sailors cried in a breath of their wild dismay,
And the ship went down and the fair young bride that sailed from Dublin Bay.

BILLIE JOHNSON OF LUNDY'S LANE.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the chief who led him o'er many a field of fame,
The chief who shouted "FORWARD" whene'er his banner rose,
And bore the flag in triumph behind his flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of Eighteen Hundred and Twelve when I fought by your side?"

Have you forgotten Johnson that fought at Lundy's Lane?
It's true I'm old and feeble, but I'd like to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" says the chief, "my brave old soldier, NO!
And here's the hand I gave you then and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend, you are crippled, old and gray,

And we have need of stronger arms and fresher blood today."

"I'm not so weak, but I can shoot, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts and pierce them one by one;
And if a bullet should find me out and lay me on my face,
My soul will go to Washington, and not to Arnold's place.

"I am ready, General, so you let a post to me be given;
Where Washington can look down on me as he looks down from
Heaven,

And say to Putnam at his side, or maybe General Wayne,
"There stands old Billie Johnson, he fought at Lundy's Lane."

THE GRAVE OF THE SECTION HAND.

They laid him away on the brow of the hill,
Outside of the right-of-way,
And the old boss whispered, "Peace, be still,"
Till the call on the Final Day.

They had placed him where he had wished to lie,
When his time would come, he said,
Where he'd list to the wire's mournful sigh,
To the foreman's "Joint ahead!"

For many a year he had paced that beat,
He had pumped o'er every tie,
And now from his narrow, last retreat
He could feel the freights roll by;
For from his rest, 'neath the willow's shade,
His spirit would guard the track;
He would know when the engine struck the grade,
Hear the old call, "Center back!"

He would hear the tramp of the "extra gang,"
The dago's clattering tongue,
The voice of the Irish boss he knew,
And the water-boy's whistle and song.
And lonely he'd be when the sun's last glare
Had faded away in the night,
And left him alone with the feeble flare
Of the distant red switch-light.

And the old boss fastened a band of black
To the unused handle-bar,
And he said, "Now, men, the speed we'll slack
As we pass with the old hand-car
The place on the brow of the hill beyond,
We will make up the minute we're late,
While the birds are singing their morning song
O'er the grave of our old-time mate."

THE MAGIC GLASS.

I went one night with a high-priced thirst to loaf in a booze bazaar,
And as I sampled the old red dope I leaned on the polished bar;
My pockets were filled with the good, long green, my raiments
were soft and new,
And I felt as fresh as a cabbage flower that's kissed with a
nice wet dew;
Behind the bar a mirror stood as big as your parlor floor,
And I looked and looked in that glittering glass, then I wondered
and looked some more.

My own reflection I did not see, but there where it should have
been,
There stood the form of a cringing bum, all crumpled and
soaked with gin;
His nose was red, his eyes were bleared, unshorn was his
swollen face,
And I thought it queer that so seedy a bum would come to so
swell a place.
I turned around for a better look at this effigy of despair,
And I nearly fell in a little heap, for the effigy wasn't there;
The bartender laughed, "It's the Magic Glass," he said with a
careless yawn,
"It shows a man how he is apt to look years hence when his
roll is gone."

THE TWO O'DONAHUES.

We came from Tipperary a few short weeks ago,
With spirits light and airy, two emigrants, you know;
So now we ask your pardon, smile on us if you please,
For we come from Tipperary so far beyant the seas.

Digging turf was our occupation in the bogs of Allen then,
But we're told that in this nation we'll at least be aldermen;
We're sure of big positions in offices of note,
We'll join the politicians, boys, and for us you'll have to vote.

When we go back to Ireland it's then it will be said,
We'll rise up in our sireland, the green above the red;
So all the world may glory whenever they hear the news
Of Ireland and the story of the two O'Donahues.

REMINISCENCES.

The harp that once through Taras Hall played many a good
old tune,
Come back to Erin, Molly Bawn, and the Rising of the Moon;
Kathleen Mavourneen and Cruirkeenlawn-arrah, where's that
harp today?
For the only tune that rises now is Ta-ra-bom-de-a.

There was an old man Flynn and what do you think of him?
Sure, the hat that he wore it was all caved in,
And the gang would all shout as he walked out, "There goes
dirty old man Flynn."

And then they'd say, "Go get a derrick and hoist it, and hang
it on the shelf,
Go get a derrick and hoist it, and then go hang yourself!
It nearly frightens me out of my life to hear those imps of sin,
Say, take a brick and go hit that flannel-mouthed Mick and cave
his old dicer in."

THE MORNING AFTER.

Sometimes, old scout, in the morning, when the dawn looks cold
and gray,
And I lie 'mong the perfumed flowers thinking thoughts I dare
not say,
I think on the stunts of the night before and I smile a feeble
smile,
And I say to myself for the hundredth time, "Is it really worth
the while?"

Then I pick up the morning paper and see where some goodly
man
Who never soused at all in his life, or never said "Hell" or
"Damn,"
Who never stayed out till the wee small hours or jollied the
gay soubrette,
But preached on the evils of drinking, of cards and the cig-
arette.

"Cut down in the midst of a useful life," the headline does
glibly say,
Or "caught by death's grim reaper, he has crossed the great
Highway."
They bury him deep while a few friends weep, and the world
passes on with a sigh,

And that saintly man is forgotten soon, just the same as you
or I.

Then I says to myself, "Well, Jack, old boy, when you are
called to make the jump,
When you reach the place where the good and the bad must
bump the eternal bumps,
You can smile to yourself and chuckle, though the path be
exceedingly hot,
When you were on earth you were going some'"—now is that
an unholy thought?

Then I arise and attach a cracked iceband to the crown of my
battered hat,
And I wander forth for a cold gin fizz—she is a great old world
at that;
Then I go on my way rejoicing, what's the use to sob or sigh,
Take the route, old scout, and be merry, for tomorrow you
may die.

THE KLONDIKE MINER.

A Klondike City mining man lay dying on the ice,
There was lack of women's nursing, for he didn't have the price,
But a comrade knelt beside him as the sun sank to repose,
To hear what he might have to say and watch him while he
froze.

The dying man he raised his head above the banks of snow,
And he said, "I've never seen it thaw when 'twas forty-five
below;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends thereat,
For I was born at Gibbons, at Gibbons on the Platte.

"Tell my brothers and companions if ever you get back East,
That this blooming Klondike-country is no place for man or
beast,

For the mountains are too rugged and the weather is too cold,
And the wheat fields of Nebraska yield a better grade of gold.

Here an honest day of labor won't buy a pound of grease,
And the price of leather biscuits is sixty cents apiece;
Tell my father not to sorrow with a sorrow deep and dense,
For I would not thus have perished if I had a lick of sense,
But to keep the sorrel horses and the high-grade cattle fat
Upon the farm at Gibbons, at Gibbons on the Platte.

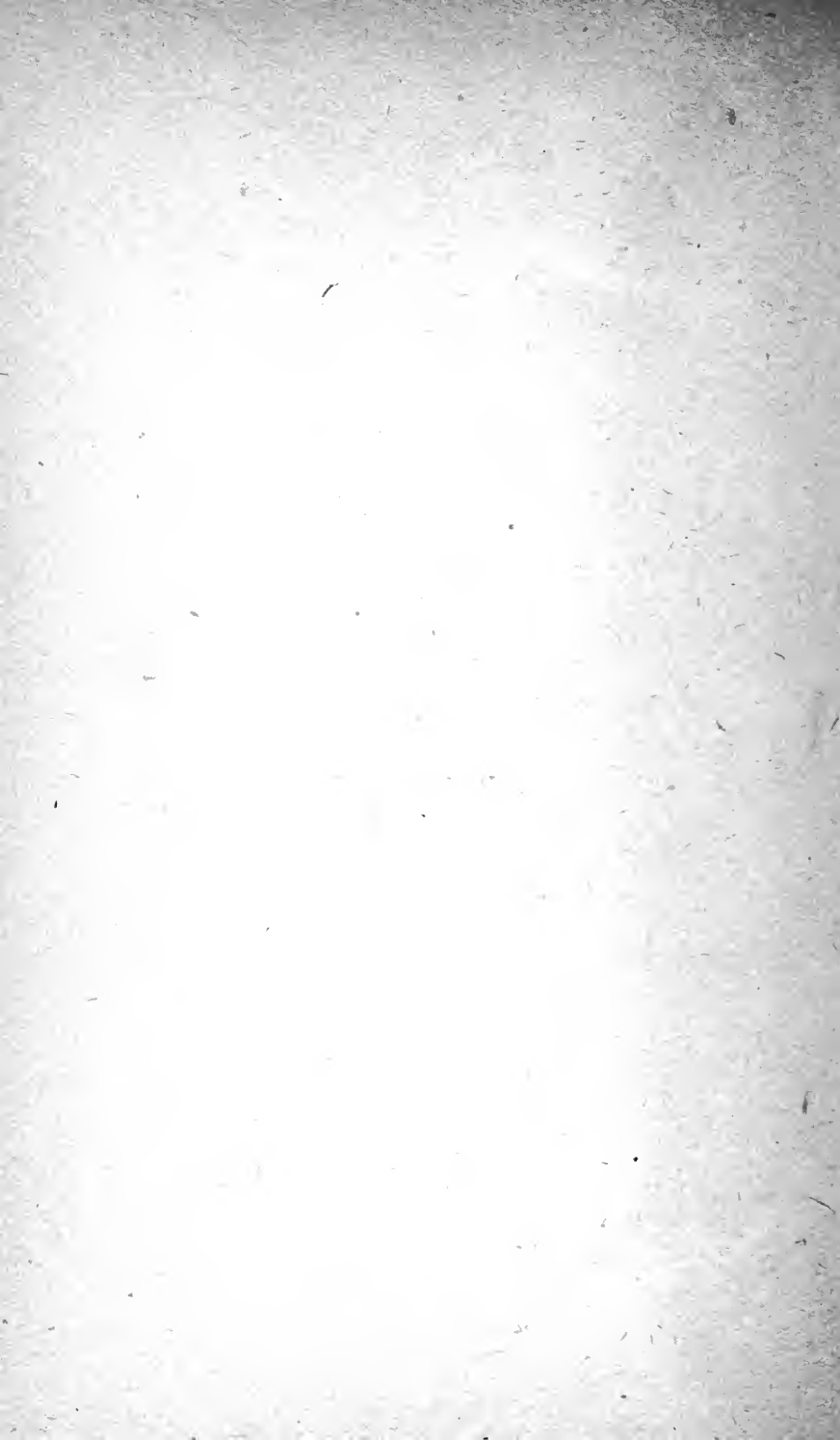
"I thought to make a fortune here," the dying man did say,
And then he hove a sigh or two and froze up right away;
And it took of golden shekels two hundred, yes, more than that,
To ship him back to Gibbons, to Gibbons on the Platte,

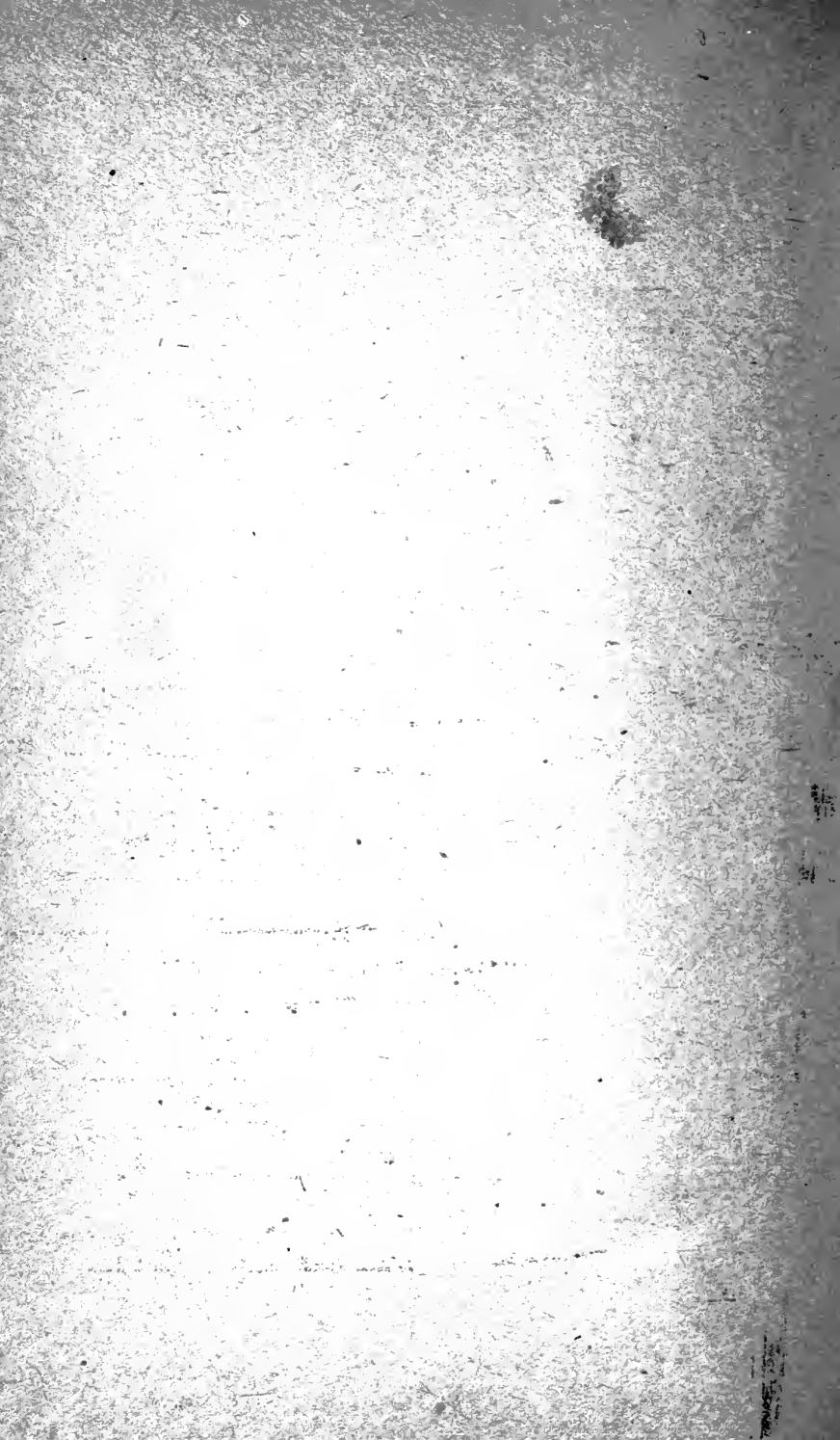
CORRECTION

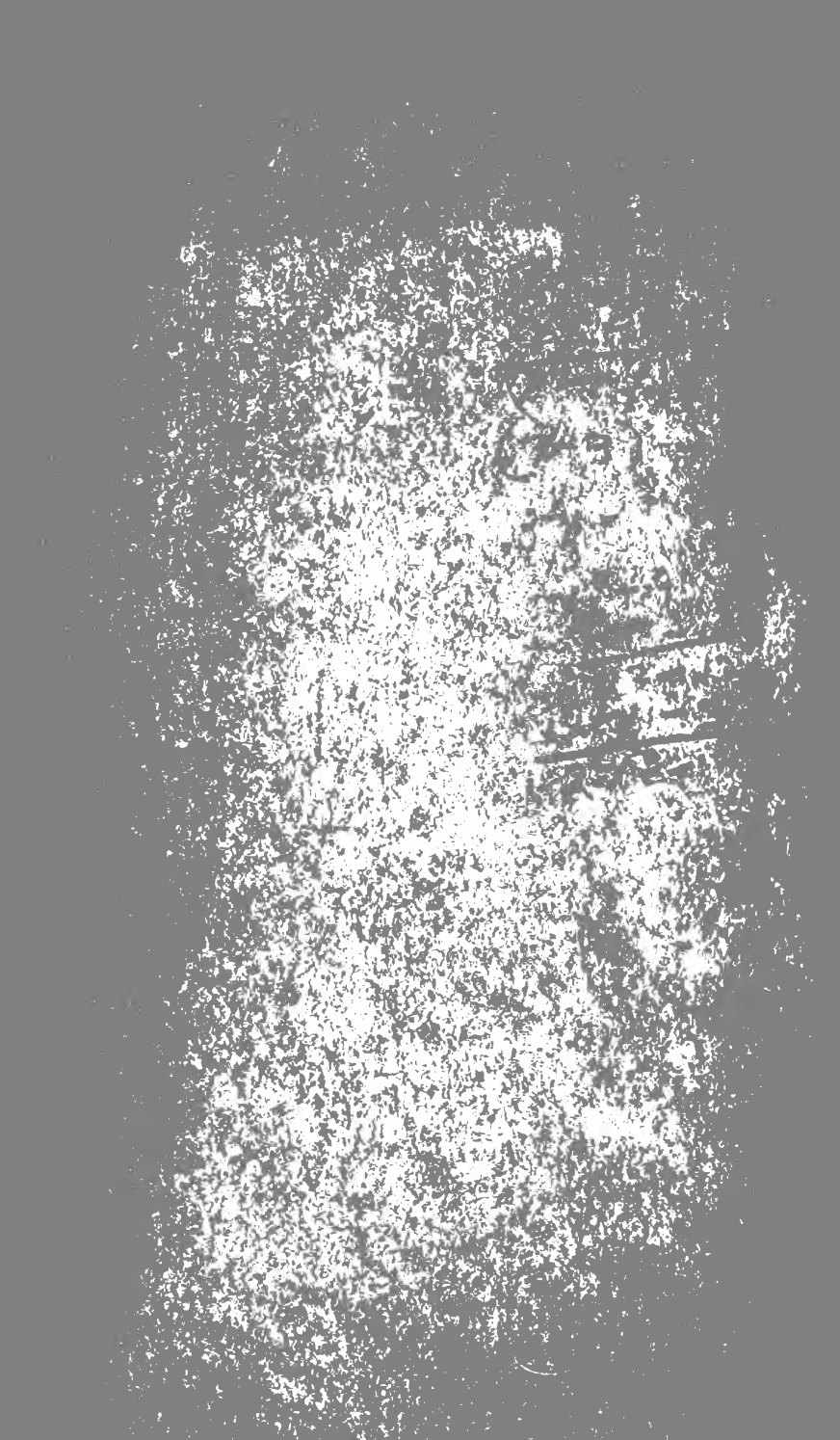
A correction in typographical error made on Page 47.

THE LASS OF DUNMORE

As I went a-walking one morning,
Bright Phoebus so clearly did shine,
And the meadow larks warbled melodious,
While the roses in the valley did twine;
It was down by a grove where I wondered,
A while to repose in the shade,
On my destiny for to ponder,
It was there I beheld a fair maid.







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